

Saturday July 13 1996

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NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR 46,804

Outlook

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Motor racing

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID CAULIN

Peace in ruins, says Adams

David Shearlock and Owen Bowcott

THE Northern Ireland peace process "lies in absolute ruins", Sinn Féin president Gerry Adams said yesterday, as Republicans claimed irreparable damage had been done to the remaining hopes of a restoration of the IRA ceasefire.



Nelson Mandela shares a joke with children among the thousands of people in Trafalgar Square yesterday.

History turned full circle yesterday as Mandela addressed the crowd from the balcony of the once-hated South Africa House

NELSON MANDELA lifted his hand for a final wave as the bells of St Martin-in-the-Fields began to peal. The crowd mobbing Trafalgar Square kept watch on the emptying balcony - that so-long hated stonework - as tears washed faces away from the noon-day sun.

dent Mandela's four-day state visit was complete. But what a day was yesterday. It began with a gorgeous moment for Archbishop Trevor Huddleston. Arriving at Buckingham Palace to have breakfast with the president, the elderly anti-apartheid campaigner smiled Margaret Thatcher down the corridor waiting for an audience.

Waleses agree terms at £1m per year of marriage

Trevor Brecken and Omar Ali

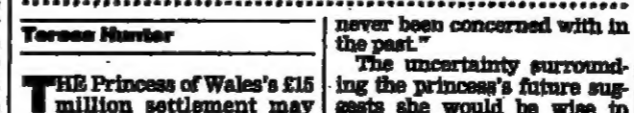
IN THE end, the estimated £15 million "clean break" settlement worked out at £1 million for every year of marriage.

How to make £15m stretch

Teresa Harber

THE Princess of Wales's £15 million settlement may look less like a windfall and more like a pay cut when she comes to invest it and discover that it is unlikely to produce an income of more than £500,000 a year.

Fulfil Mandela's vision.



Help educate South Africans build a secure future.

The Canon Collins Educational Trust shares President Mandela's vision and sponsors South Africans mainly on science, technology and education courses at both British and South African colleges and universities.

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2 CHRONICLE/NEWS

New Euro blow over beef ban

Julio Woff in Brussels

THE European Court of Justice yesterday rejected the Commission's attempt to have the European Union beef export ban suspended...

The Luxembourg court did not accept British arguments that the European Commission overstepped its authority...

The Government's contention that it should be allowed to sell British beef outside the EU also received no support from the court...

The European Commission welcomed the court's decision. "This is what we wanted," said the agriculture commissioner, Franz Fischler.

When he ended Britain's tactics of blocking EU business at last month's Florence summit, Mr Major managed to convince the then Italian presidency to issue a statement saying that non-EU countries could apply to the commission to purchase British beef.

A commission spokesman insisted that the statement did not commit the commission to anything, as it was made on behalf of the presidency. "The question is academic, because there have been no requests from third countries."

He added that the commission was looking into Germany's apparent flouting of the EU's decision last month to end the export ban on beef byproducts.

The commission would first try to resolve any disagreement with Germany "in a friendly way." Failing that, Germany could face legal proceedings.

The Luxembourg court was emphatic that the export ban was justified given the March 20 announcement by the scientific committee advising the Government that bovine spongiform encephalopathy could be linked to a strain of Creutzfeldt Jakob Disease, human equivalent of BSE.

Mr Major, in his Huntingdon constituency, described the court's interim judgment as "very disappointing and frankly rather surprising."

Bill Cash, Tory MP for Stafford, said: "The court has blatantly ignored the realities of the position and is behaving in its usual manner." The Liberal Democrat agriculture spokesman, Paul Tyler, said: "The interim ruling blows to smithereens the Government's current policy. Mr Hogg's mass slaughter of 100,000-plus extra dairy cows could now turn out to be a worthless sacrifice."



Man handled... Paul McDonald assembles his collection of more than 200 Action Men for a convention at Wembley Conference Centre, north London, tomorrow to celebrate the 30th birthday of one of Britain's most enduring toys, many thousands of which are expected at the event. PHOTOGRAPH: ROGER BAMBER

Escaped convict is returned to jail

A JUDGE yesterday showed sympathy to a murderer who had described his escape from a top security prison as a "unilateral declaration of war". Keith Rose, aged 47, who claims he was wrongly convicted of murder - was sentenced to three years for the breakout from Parkhurst on the Isle of Wight which caused embarrassment to the Government.

The sentence will run concurrently with his life sentence. Judge Hubert Dunn said at Woolwich crown court that Rose would have been punished more severely but for the jury's recommendation of mercy. Andrew Rodger, who escaped with Rose and was on the run for five days in January last year, was jailed for 30 months, also concurrently. Dealing with Rose first, the judge told him that, while he accepted he was highly intelligent and had a genuine grievance, it was also obvious he was ruthless.

Rose and a third inmate, arsonist Matthew Williams, aged 36, who has yet to be dealt with, hatched the plot between them and then recruited Rodger because of his skills as a welder. Although Dunn said police had deliberately timed the breakout to cause the "maximum embarrassment" to Michael Howard, the Home Secretary, there was no doubt another prime aim of the escape was to gain publicity for his long campaign to secure a retrial on the murder charge.

The judge accepted that Rose had a genuine grievance after the Home Office decided his request not to be eligible for parole after surviving 30 years and ruled he would never be released. However, the judge said he did not believe Rose's claim that he had been so depressed he would have committed suicide if he had not broken out.

"I take into account the jury's recommendation of extreme clemency by making this sentence concurrent to the 18 years you received for kidnapping and the life sentence you got for murder," he said.

Jailed farmer gets a retrial

Paul Brown Environment Correspondent

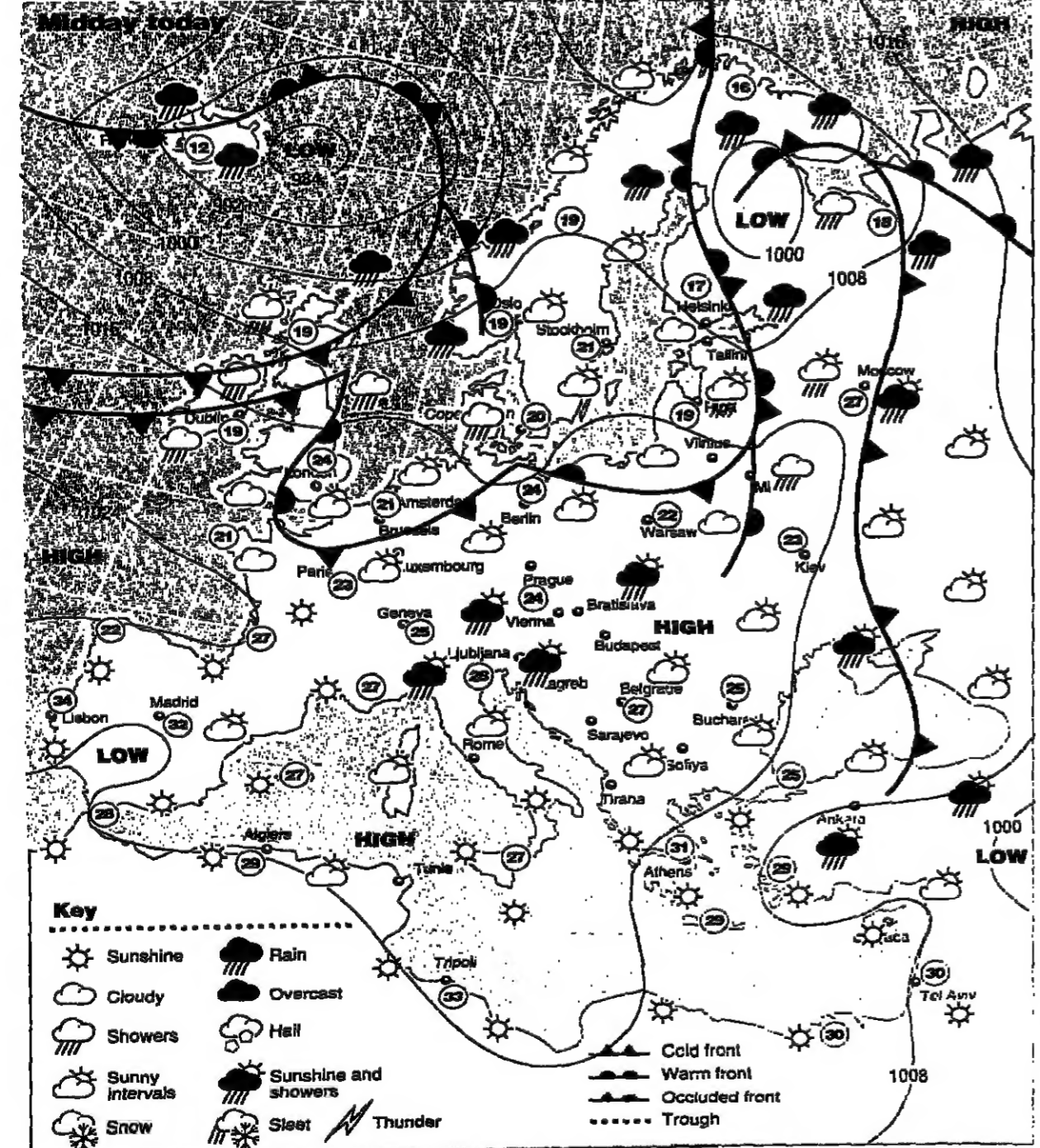
A FARMER jailed for 12 years for a shotgun murder was granted a retrial because his mental state may have been affected by sheep-dip poisoning.

Robert Billings, 60, of Warrington, West Sussex, who severely wounded a labourer who lived in a caravan on his land, had his 1994 conviction declared unsafe by the High Court yesterday because of new evidence on the effect of sheep dips since his trial.

Billings had been using organophosphate (OP) sheep dip the day before the shooting. Recent research shows farmers exposed to these chemicals suffer mood swings. Yesterday defence lawyers put forward reports from Robert Davies, a consultant psychiatrist, and a specialist in the effects of OP poisoning, who said it could lead to uncontrollable rages which were completely out of character - especially when combined with alcohol intoxication.

Final... Yes, even... scores yo... care cu... F

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities table with columns for Today, Tomorrow, and Monday, listing weather conditions and temperatures for various European cities.

European weather outlook: Western Norway will be wet and windy for much of the day and this rain will eventually reach the rest of the area...

Television and radio - Saturday

BBC 1: 8.00am News, 8.30am News, 9.00am News, 9.30am News, 10.00am News, 10.30am News, 11.00am News, 11.30am News, 12.00pm News, 1.00pm News, 1.30pm News, 2.00pm News, 2.30pm News, 3.00pm News, 3.30pm News, 4.00pm News, 4.30pm News, 5.00pm News, 5.30pm News, 6.00pm News, 6.30pm News, 7.00pm News, 7.30pm News, 8.00pm News, 8.30pm News, 9.00pm News, 9.30pm News, 10.00pm News, 10.30pm News, 11.00pm News, 11.30pm News, 12.00am News.

Television and radio - Sunday

BBC 1: 8.00am News, 8.30am News, 9.00am News, 9.30am News, 10.00am News, 10.30am News, 11.00am News, 11.30am News, 12.00pm News, 1.00pm News, 1.30pm News, 2.00pm News, 2.30pm News, 3.00pm News, 3.30pm News, 4.00pm News, 4.30pm News, 5.00pm News, 5.30pm News, 6.00pm News, 6.30pm News, 7.00pm News, 7.30pm News, 8.00pm News, 8.30pm News, 9.00pm News, 9.30pm News, 10.00pm News, 10.30pm News, 11.00pm News, 11.30pm News, 12.00am News.

SA... ON TO... EXCLUS... 3-PACK... 3-GAME S...

Princess of Wales gets 'custody of the quids' as royal cliff-hanger ends with touch of conscience, reports John Ezard

Final curtain falls on 'fairy tale romance'

'Yes, everybody adores you. But you're cut off'

FOR a show so long in rehearsal, the curtains were brought down on the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales with unusual nervousness yesterday.

The magazine *Private Eye* had a new cover ready, on which a baggage-laden Diana rejoiced: "I've got custody of the quids".

But the announcement that she is being replaced as ceremonial consort by an older, less turbulent woman who has the advantage of not being Camilla Parker Bowles was still treated as a cliff-hanger.

As at every point in the couple's 12-year marital crisis and three-year separation, Buckingham Palace had "nothing to say at this stage". Executives at the marriage guidance charity *Relate* - usually free with generalised comment on the royal breakdown - ordered staff to stay silent.

Charles fulfilled a public engagement by proxy. A video talk by him was shown to a London conference on architecture yesterday. Diana's final engagement with the title Royal Highness was at the Royal Tournament on Thursday. She and the Queen Mother, separated by an empty chair, did not speak.

There was, unusually in the whole affair, a touch of conscience yesterday. The palace was anxious not to overshadow the end of Nelson Mandela's visit. Then at 3.30pm came a deluge of officialese and legalese which was bound to do exactly that.

There were 420 words from the palace, plus 150 from Diana's lawyer. These words brought to an end a bond once thought to have been sealed at St Paul's in 1981, when the pair defined their commitment by choosing a brief text to a hymn by Gustav Holst as their chief wedding hymn: *I vow to thee, my country, all*

earthly things above. Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my lord. The love that asks no question: the love that stands the test. That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best. The love that never falters...

After that came two children, a collision of temperaments between two parents damaged in their own childhoods and a wilderness of vows petulantly broken. This was followed by two adulteries publicly confessed only after a marathon feeding frenzy among the tabloid press.

Yesterday's announcement is the prelude to a quickie divorce costing as little as £40 and available within six weeks. It lessens, but does not end, a crisis far longer drawn-out and more messily handled - though less constitutionally serious - than the 1936 abdication.

Relate's view is that - shorn of special factors like St Paul's and the reported £15 million divorce settlement - it follows the common pattern of many marriages which began with high hopes and promises.

Its most exceptional problem was the media attention which focused on the couple like a burning-glass from their engagement onwards. Then there was the public fascination. "Yes, everybody adores you in a kind of mass-energy way. But you're absolutely separated from humanity," Diana once said.

At first she was terrified by this attention in her formative early twenties. She got little help from her more experienced husband. Later she was accused of having become addicted to the belief that she could manipulate it.

The divorce leaves her - as a woman who has said she often sobbed herself to sleep in childhood after her parents broke up - facing the task of continuing to try to shield their sons



The Princess of Wales leaving Dukes Hotel in St James's Park, London, yesterday, as the divorce settlement was announced

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN GOWAN

from the results of the break-up.

High in her hopes she said to be a marriage she can cope with and two more children. But the tabloids have detected no sign of a savior. As soon as they did, he would on previous form be frightened off.

She has pressed her case with John Major to be a roving "ambassador of love". The Prime Minister referred it to Buckingham Palace, which vetoed it. Charles's future is to continue his indefinite wait for

the throne he still wants, after a lifetime of trying to prepare himself for it, in the hope that public memory of the crisis will fade.

Their sons' future of steadily sharpening and restricting media attention was made clear last night in a news agency report: "Prince William is fast becoming a teenage pin-up." The history his father experienced is already beginning to repeat itself in William's life, with more intense publicity and withdrawal both parents by his side.



Happier days... Prince Charles and Diana embracing for an informal portrait in 1981

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Dixons

There's a great deal going on

4 NEWS

Labour plan is 'insult' to women

Rebecca Smithers
Political Correspondent

THE Tories yesterday denounced Labour's plans to appoint a cabinet minister for women as "politically correct tokenism", as details emerged of sweeping new powers that would be given to the first holder of the post under a Blair government.

The proposals are in a document on policy for women, Governing for Equality, which will be presented by Labour's spokeswoman for women's issues, Tessa Jowell, to female party activists this weekend at a pre-election training exercise in Blackpool.

As a key element of Labour's pre-election manifesto programme, the proposals develop those announced earlier this year, when the party abandoned a plan for a dedicated ministry of women in favour of a separate unit within the Cabinet Office.

Such a unit exists in the Education and Employment Department, where the Secretary of State, Margaret Hodge, is the minister with special responsibility for women's issues.

But Labour believes that by having the unit within the Cabinet Office — with easy access to the Prime Minister — the role would be at the heart of government and ensure more transparency in the unit's workings than at present.

The document, which was last night being studied by the women's

committee of Labour's National Executive Committee. It says the minister would have "powers to scrutinise all major legislation."

A wide-ranging consultation exercise organised by the Equal Opportunities Commission and the Women's National Commission in conjunction with women's organisations would lead to an annual "agenda for action", and all government departments would be required to state their plans and targets. This would culminate in an annual Commons debate, but the women's minister would also be accountable to the House through parliamentary questions.

"As well as proactive work to promote women's equality, another key part of the minister for women's responsibilities will be the monitoring of government action to ensure it does not adversely affect women", the document says. "Much damaging legislation brought in by the Conservatives, notably in the fields of employment, social security and housing, has been particularly harmful for women."

Party sources were swift to play down the plans, for fear they might be seized upon as "politically correct" before being finalised. Some MPs noted privately that they had surfaced very conveniently on the eve of the women's conference "as part of Tessa Jowell's bid to secure a place in the shadow cabinet".

But the Conservative party chairman, Brian Hawtoney, said: "We now learn that Tony Blair is not just autistic but patronising."



Riot police watching crowds outside Drumcree church during the stand-off, and Orange Order members beside the barbed wire barrier



PHOTOGRAPHS: KEVIN DOY

Ulster pays tragic price for

David Sharrock charts the events of six days which almost seemed to condense 25 years of the Troubles into a single, tragic chapter

SUNDAY morning, the Orangemen march to the Church of the Ascension at Drumcree from the centre of Portadown, the loyalist citadel of mid-Ulster, where everything connected with the festivities marking the victory of William of Orange at the Battle of the Boyne is bigger, brighter and bolder than anywhere else in Northern Ireland.

Harold Gracey, district grand master of the Portadown Orangemen, has already held a press conference in response to the RUC decision to prevent the church parade returning home via the overwhelmingly Catholic Garvaghy Road. "The sorry that Hugh Annesley referred to in his Last Stand, well this will be Ulster's Alamo," he says.

The Star of David Accord-

don Band leads the Orangemen into the church on the hill from where they can see a half-mile coil of barbed wire and lines of RUC armoured landrovers blocking the Drumcree Road, down which they have marched for 189 years back into Portadown.

The mood is angry and confident. The Rev John Pickering begins his sermon by talking of "this anxious day" and urges his congregation to "pray fervently... God that He will bring help".

Prayers over, the parade reassembles on the crest of the hill. The Rev Tom Taylor, a tall, frail old man who is chaplain to the Orange district lodge, walks down to the police lines. "I'm sorry that you're here today. I hope there will not be any trouble and I'll do my best to ensure that there won't be," he tells

the most senior RUC officer behind the wire. "Thank you sir," the officer replies.

The Star of David band sets off down the hill, accordeons blaring brightly, their tiny bellows pumped by diminutive teenage girls in cornflower blue uniforms. "Go on right into them! Over the top of them!" come the cheers. "Standards! Revival! What's it like to work for a foreign government, I suppose they're teaching you Gaelic now, are they?"

The day is unfolding like some ritual re-enactment of an ancient battle. Mr Gracey marches his men back up the hill and informs the crowds that "in a few hours the rest of the province will be showing their strength, heading this way. If we fall in this time, we are finished."

The stand-off begins, just as 12 months earlier, except this time the Orangemen are better organised. Press liaison officers are on hand, as are squadrons of wives preparing tea and sandwiches. A young lorry driver from the countryside declares: "We're the last Protestant fighting nation in Europe. My father-in-law and two uncles have been mur-

dered by the IRA. The Ulster Protestant is being ethnically cleansed from his land."

The Reverend Ian Paisley arrives to more cheers, now blaring through the air with the comic in black suit and Homburg. He calls the RUC chief constable Sir Hugh Annesley — who is retiring in November — a "despicable and miserable snigger". He has warned John Major that any attempt to forcefully break up the protest would lead to "a full-scale rising".

Someone jokes that Sir Hugh "is lighting the blue touch-paper and retiring". Reports filter through of road blocks and skirmishing away from Drumcree.

The place is crawling with reverends: the Rev Martin Smyth, leader of the Orange Order, arrives. Last year he stayed away, drawing fierce criticism and losing badly in the Ulster Unionist Party leadership battle to David Trimble, hero of the original Siege of Drumcree. "Martin's learnt his lesson," says a smug Orangeman. He carefully has. "There comes a moment when if we are breaking the law then we have got to suffer that penalty," Mr Smyth tells reporters.

"The RUC are not the only ones who can block roads."

Monday
A man has been found dead in a vehicle near the shores of Lough Neagh. The killing bears the hallmarks of a loyalist paramilitary assassination. It is a chilling development: before the loyalist ceasefire in October 1994 many Catholics were murdered in mid-Ulster on Sunday evenings.

Michael McCordick's body was found halfway between a largely Protestant and a largely Catholic village. The patchwork quilt of Ulster's history is never more clear than in these normally tranquil townlands, where most of the good land is owned by Protestants and everybody carries a map of the territorial status quo in their minds.

Back at Drumcree the Catholic residents of the Garvaghy Road are making the security forces welcome, providing tea and biscuits. It is like 1869 all over again, when the army came to the relief of beleaguered Catholics under attack from Protestants.

Excited children crawl over and into Saxon armoured carriers, try on camouflage hel-

metts and peer down the sights of rifles. Even more extraordinary, the Gaelic Athletic Association playing field has been transformed into an army supply staging post.

Tuesday
"It's all a bit petty, isn't it?" says an old man from the Garvaghy Road on walking his dog. "I mean on both sides. It's only a parade, but they've never once asked in all those years whether we mind. It's always been rough for Catholics in Portadown."

John Taylor, deputy leader of the Ulster Unionist Party, is across the barbed wire. Another Drumcree Siege casualty, he is now making amends for his comments last year that he did not "prance on streets".

That error probably cost him the leadership. Mr Taylor warns that 100,000 Orangemen may descend on Drumcree on Friday and that the majority community "is swinging strongly against the RUC... the situation is deteriorating rapidly".
Up at the wire the front line police are being baited. "I know you," shouts an Orangeman. "You're from Carrick. I know where you live."

Vote Tory but don't abstain, Blair tells young

Rebecca Smithers

THE LABOUR leader Tony Blair claimed yesterday that he would rather young people voted Tory than not at all, in an astonishingly frank admission which underlined his concerns about their growing alienation from politics.

Mr Blair said it was "a frightening fact" that at the last election 2.5 million people who were eligible to vote for the first time had not bothered to do so — whether through apathy, cynicism or a lack of trust in politicians. "It reveals a generation that is becoming cut off from the democratic mainstream. It is a chronic problem which poses a real challenge to all politicians and to all democrats. Let me say candidly," he added, "I would rather young people voted Tory or Liberal Democrat or national-

ist or Green than that they didn't vote at all."

He said Labour had "to show them that politics makes sense and that their vote can make a difference".

But in an encouraging sign of the impact of Labour's Road to the Manifesto, he revealed that the party took 280,000 calls for information in response to the document's launch last Thursday — the biggest ever response to a launch outside a general election period.

Mr Blair was speaking at the launch of the latest phase of Labour's election manifesto exercise — a programme designed to tackle youth problems which includes a bid to persuade companies to help cut inner-city youth unemployment. Shadow Chancellor Gordon Brown said effort was needed "to build a national consensus to get young people off benefit and into work".

Mail monopoly 'to be dropped'

Seumas Milne
Labour Editor

THE Government yesterday moved to suspend the Post Office's monopoly on mail costing less than £1, insisting it had no choice in view of the escalation of the postal workers' dispute.

Ian Lung, Trade and Industry Secretary, triggered the process to allow other carriers to enter the mass letter market by formally writing to the Post Office chairman, Sir Michael Heron.

After consultations — and assuming the dispute is still unresolved — the Government would then have to lay a statutory instrument before Parliament to make the legal change.

But business and union sources were sceptical yesterday that any courier company would be able to take significant advantage of the monopoly's suspension — particularly as the Communication Workers' Union (CWU) has called four strikes of between 24 and 48 hours, rather than an indefinite stoppage. At present, the private sector is restricted to carrying packages, with a delivery charge of more than £1.

Alan Jones, chief executive of TNT, the largest private letter carrier in the world — said last night there was no question of his firm making

serious inroads into the Royal Mail's business if it was "only a suspension", though TNT's business had been boosted by 20 per cent during the first two one-day stoppages.

"The Post Office delivers 85 million letters a day to 23 million addresses. For someone to come in for a couple of days to set up that infrastructure is clearly impractical," he said. Liz Hawkins, of the international courier company DHL, said that neither her firm nor any other was "geared up" to take advantage of the monopoly suspension.

But DHL was concerned that it could be lured by some companies to cherry-pick off the prime commercial areas.

The Department of Trade and Industry left open the question of whether the suspension could be abandoned once the postal dispute was settled — as happened when the monopoly was lifted during the seven-week 1971 postal strike — but Whitehall sources said the suspension was aimed at protecting consumers rather than at back-door privatisation.

Alan Johnson, CWU joint general secretary, argued yesterday that the suspension was unlikely to be dropped at the end of the dispute and warned that the move could end up destroying the Post Office's ability to offer a universal service at a uniform price.

Mandela turns history full circle

continued from page 1
visit like this every week," Clinton Brance said, hysterical with joy.

The walkabout was curtailed because of the rush to touch the great man. "It's a problem if it gets out of hand," said Prince Charles, who had been the king's shake hands with people ignoring him in their effort to reach Mr Mandela.

As people walked over the police cars or broke through the lines, Mr Mandela, laughing and joking, was helped into the car. Security men had to struggle with the surging fans to free his daughter, Princess Zenzile, and the door of the royal car so that she could join her father and the prince. The police, grossly outnumbered, dealt with the mayhem with good humour. "One love," said the DJ over the massive sound system. "Let's show them we can behave."

Once the cars had broken through the throng that lined the Brixton Road, Mr Mandela swept across the Thames to Trafalgar Square, where, hours before he arrived, thousands of people had encircled Nelson's Column, bringing traffic to a near-standstill.

Emotions ran high as many in the crowd who had fought for a free South Africa during Mr Mandela's 27 years in prison saw his tory come full circle as he spoke from the balcony of South Africa House that

What they said then about Mandela

"THE ANC and its leader, Nelson Mandela, have no more claim to be saints or heroes than do the Provisional IRA." Daily Mail, June 11 1988

"He is not a prisoner of conscience in the Amnesty International sense, since he is housed, and spouses still, violence as a means of bringing about change in South Africa." He himself underwent military training. Spectator, August 6 1988

"It is absurd to regard him as a combination of Abraham Lincoln, Mother Teresa and John the Baptist. It is absurd to celebrate his release as if it was some Second Coming. He went to jail not as a symbol of freedom but as a symbol of violence." Sun, February 12 1990

"Mr John Carlisle, chairman of the British South Africa parliamentary group and con-



Lord Tebbit: 'I was wrong; he has my admiration'

servative MP for Luton north, calls on the Home Secretary to investigate the 'extreme leftwing' attitude of the BBC. He said 'the BBC have gone bananas over this and seem to be joining those who are making Mandela a Christ-like figure. This hero worship is very much misplaced... He would have been best to have

stopped at home rather than creating false hopes by travelling abroad." Independent, April 17 1990

"Norman Tebbit called for all economic and sporting sanctions against South Africa to be lifted. He argued that it was time the country was brought back fully into the world fold. The former Conservative Party chairman also dismissed as 'simplistic' the idea that democracy in South Africa had to mean a one-man, one-vote system existing elsewhere in the West. It would be 'some years' before such a system was practical. Mr Tebbit told businessmen in Johannesburg." Times, September 25 1990

"Yes, I admit it. I was wrong in the past about Nelson Mandela. What he has done for South Africa could not have been achieved by anyone else. He has both my admiration and best wishes." Norman Tebbit, July 11 1996

den, looked on in awe. "I wish I could get in his pocket and go back with him." Early this morning, before Britain awoke, Mr Mandela's plane left Heathrow, leaving the country in love with the man. The bells of St Martin should toll still in salute.

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TANGLEWOOD GOES BACK TO ITS ROOTS.

VINTAGE YEARS! HUMPHREY BURTON'S HISTORY OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BROADCAST FROM THEIR SUMMER HOME AT THE TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL TODAY AT 1:00PM. RADIO 3 LIVE ALL WEEKEND FROM TANGLEWOOD, USA.



Handwritten signature or scribble in a box.

The Guardian

Blair spins 20pc pay

The big one, and that means the gatecrashed Leroy, as Joe old New York...
The Rabinovitz



Sinn Féin president Gerry Adams looks past police at Orangemen parading in Belfast yesterday, hours after Protestants lit a huge bonfire in the city centre PHOTOGRAPHS: JEROME DELAY



Lloyd's £1bn profit ends run of losses

Pauline Springett

THE Lloyd's of London insurance market, one of the pillars of the City, yesterday brought its near fatal run of loss-making years to an end when it unveiled a record profit of £1.084 billion for 1995.

was "we offer customers what they want". Lloyd's has always enjoyed a reputation for being willing to underwrite quirky risks, as well as the staple insurance business.

Mr Rowland seized the chance to insist once again that the rescue plan is the best the Names can hope for. "If this fails, there is not some magical deal around the corner."

But rebel Names are still lobbying for changes in the deal. Some are even threatening to stop the rescue plan by accusing Lloyd's of fraud.

Lloyd's will not finally know whether the Names have accepted the deal until the end of August. Mr Rowland said the rescue had to achieve two aims. "We have to end the litigation and we have to collect £360 million of outstanding money from the Names," he said.

He said he believed the deal was strongly supported by the majority of Names, but he acknowledged that some believed they were being hard done by. In particular, the Paying Names Action Group, which represents Names who have paid their losses to date, is arguing that these payments have been ignored in the settlement offer.

But Mr Rowland gave these Names no hope of a better deal. "I have every sympathy with them. I am one of them. But I personally feel we have done the best settlement proposal that could possibly be done. The world is not a fair place," he said.

Mr Rowland pointed out that although Names have suffered greatly, more than 12,000 were continuing to underwrite. Both chiefs stressed that Lloyd's is planning for the future. Rigorous cost-cutting is on the agenda, together with expansion into the far eastern insurance markets. In the longer term, it is likely that Lloyd's heavily criticised system of self-regulation will be scrapped in favour of external regulation by the Department of Trade and Industry.

Mr Sandler also stressed that the 1993 result was not a one-off — 1994 was likely to produce a £1 billion profit and 1995 a profit of £880 million.

Chairman David Rowland added that Lloyd's was now simply experiencing the normal fluctuations of the insurance cycle, compared with the loss-hit 1990s when rates plummeted in an unprecedented way.

Mr Rowland, who has been the driving force behind the restructuring of Lloyd's, said the reality behind the turnaround in Lloyd's fortunes

Chief executive Ron Sandler said the 1993 profit was "remarkable" and proved that the market was firmly back on course. He acknowledged that the result was partly due to higher insurance rates and the lack of catastrophes during the year, but he also insisted it showed that Lloyd's underwriters were highly skilled professionals.

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Week of living dangerously

Who's looking after your wife and children tonight?

Wednesday

The temperature is rising. By day Drumcree looks like a gymkhana, the fields full of family saloon cars, families picnicking and Radio Orange — broadcasting on medium wave 1690 — blaring out a steady diet of propaganda and music, including songs of the Ulster Volunteer Force.

An earthover arrives on the crest of the hill, sending the RUC and army into a panic. Burly men begin welding armour-plate to the cabin. There is talk of smashing through the defences, now grown to two lines of barbed wire and a set of concrete "dragons teeth" in the narrow lane. Tonight is the night. The men from Belfast will be arriving... not Orangemen, says one of the press liaison officers coyly.

An older man is worried. "I don't like them boys coming down here, they're a rough crowd, not like us at all. It could get out of hand," he feared.

But hopes are also rising of a deal to bring the Portadown Orangemen down the Garvaghy Road after all. Mr

Trimble has been meeting church leaders.

Thursday

The deal is off but the parade is going through. After two hours of talks the Catholic priest Cardinal Daly and the Church of Ireland archbishop Robin Eames have failed to find common ground between the Orangemen and the Garvaghy Road residents. The RUC has made a 180 degree about-turn on the original policy of resisting the threat of force. Sheer numbers have

swung them around. The Orangemen are delighted and urge one another not to be triumphalist.

There must be no sign of triumphalism along any part of the route, to do so would be folly for any future parades," the radio man says. The Star of David Accordion band assumes its position at the front of 1,300 men. The flag of Israel flutters puzzlingly beneath that of Ulster on a telegraph pole. "It's because I'm taking a very firm line on terrorism," says one man.

There comes a moment when if we are breaking the law then we have got to suffer the penalty. The RUC are not the only ones who can block roads' — Martin Smyth, Orange leader

"Three cheers to the RUC for bringing us together," shouts an Orangeman. A Royal Engineers unit pulls aside the barbed wire and lets the parade through. To the solemn tone of a slow drumbeat they head down the lane. Riot police dressed in body armour point plastic bullet guns at the Garvaghy Road.

The violence erupts when a petrol bomb is thrown, drawing an immediate and sustained response from the police. A young woman holding her baby son in her arms stoops and picks up a stone from her garden, then hurls it into the marching Orangemen. The baby starts to cry. "Fouze Orange bastards!" she screams, her face contorted in rage.

The Orangemen remain stony-faced, silent, eyes looking straight ahead. At the lower end of the Garvaghy Road they are met by an excited crowd of loyalists, children, old and young women and men. The band strikes up with Killaloe, the song of the Irish Rangers. The faces of the Orangemen melt into smiles of relief and, yes, triumph.

"How do I feel? Tired, but we finally got home from church and now all I want to do is go home and sleep," says a middle-aged man, picking his eight-year-old son up and embracing his wife. "We did what we set out to do."

Around midnight bonfires are lit across loyalist areas of Northern Ireland, but the crowds are thin and seem dispirited, worn out perhaps. Maybe there's even a bad taste in the mouth.

Nobody seems to be celebrating. Across Belfast and Derry it is the turn of nationalist districts to riot. Three policemen are shot, none of them seriously injured.

Friday
The Twelfth of July, the high point of the marching calendar, and on the Ormeau Road in Belfast a repeat of the Siege of Drumcree is being avoided by massive security force. The biggest parade of the year snakes through Belfast to the Field at Edenderry. "This is the worst Twelfth I've seen in 40 years," says a spectator. "There's usually a good mood and a bit of crack, but not this year." The loyalist pipe bands keep up a day-long tattoo of military music, but the note is different. The drumbeat has come to the fore, drowning out the melody.

Blair spurns 26pc pay rise

Rebecca Smithers
Political Correspondent

LABOUR leader Tony Blair yesterday sought to defuse continuing controversy over the inflation-busting 26 per cent pay rise which MPs voted themselves by insisting he will accept only a 3 per cent rise as Leader of the Opposition.

Mr Blair became the only one of the three main party leaders — who had all urged their MPs to vote for 3 per cent — to publicly disclose his plans after Wednesday's Commons vote.

While Downing Street has officially described John Major's decision on the issue as "a private matter", he was last night described by a senior Cabinet source as having opted "to follow his own advice" in accepting only 3 per cent. He has told the Cabinet and ministerial colleagues that they must decide personally whether to accept the full 26 per cent increase recommended by the independent Senior Salaries Review Body.

But the decisions by Mr Blair and Mr Major were not matched by the Liberal Democrat leader, who had also urged his MPs to exercise restraint. Sources close to Paddy Ashdown said he would take the full 26 per cent. "After all, he is only on a backbencher's pay, and most of his MPs ignored his

advice anyway. He is not going to feel bad about it."

MPs ignored their leaders' pleas and awarded themselves £9,000 a year to put backbenchers on £43,000.

The board also recommended that from after the general election, the Prime Minister's salary would rise to £148,000 — an MP's salary of £43,000 plus a Prime Ministerial salary of £100,000 — from £94,217 now.

Mr Blair was clearly trying to avoid an embarrassing collision with his shadow cabinet colleagues when he insisted he was not criticising them for their action.

The Labour leader, who was on £88,992 as Leader of the Opposition, said: "I am in quite a different position from my colleagues. I am paid far more than they are. I voted for 3 per cent — that is what I shall take. I make no criticism of those in a different position."

On Wednesday night Mr Blair was joined by only two of his shadow cabinet colleagues — Gordon Brown and chief whip Donald Dewar — in voting for the 3 per cent recommendation. Of the 43 Labour MPs who voted for 3 per cent the majority were left-wing backbenchers. Mr Major was deserted by more than 80 ministers — who were either absent or abstained from the key vote.

Letters, Outlook, page 16

Labour collars Cantona's shirt

Stuart Miller

MAYBE it was the neatly starched collar or perhaps it was just the striking red colour. Whatever the attraction, the shirt worn by Manchester United hero Eric Cantona in the FA Cup final has fetched £17,500 for New Labour's general election battle chest.

The buyer and proud new owner of the shirt is animal rights campaigner Brian Davies. Mr Davies, head of the Florida-based International Fund for Animal Welfare (IFAW), beat off stiff opposition from Piers Morgan, editor of the Daily Mirror, after frenzied bidding at an auction held at a glittering fund-raising dinner at the Savoy hotel on Thursday evening.

IFAW is one of the world's biggest animal rights groups, with 500,000 members in Britain and branches around the world. One campaigner yesterday described Mr Davies as a "fabulous cookie". He said: "He'll probably be able to sell it on for a profit."

A spokesman for IFAW said Mr Davies had used funds from another organisation he founded, the Political Animal Lobby, to buy the shirt. "We will now be looking at ways to use the shirt to raise funds for animal welfare," he added.

Bids for Ryan Giggs's shirt

Rich pickings

May 1996: cricket bat used by Don Bradman to score 212 runs for Australia against England in 1937; £25,000.

October 1994: Ray Kennedy's Liverpool shirt from the 1977 European Cup final; £2,200.

November 1995: Manchester United captain Noel Cantwell's 1993 FA Cup final shirt; £1,300.

1994: Vivien Leigh's Oscar for Gone With the Wind; £345,000.

August 1993: Evian bottle used to imitate oral sex in an advert with Madonna; £770.

paled in comparison, with an anonymous bidder stumping up £2,000. The shirts, donated by United manager and Labour supporter Alex Ferguson, were auctioned by the actor, Stephen Fry.

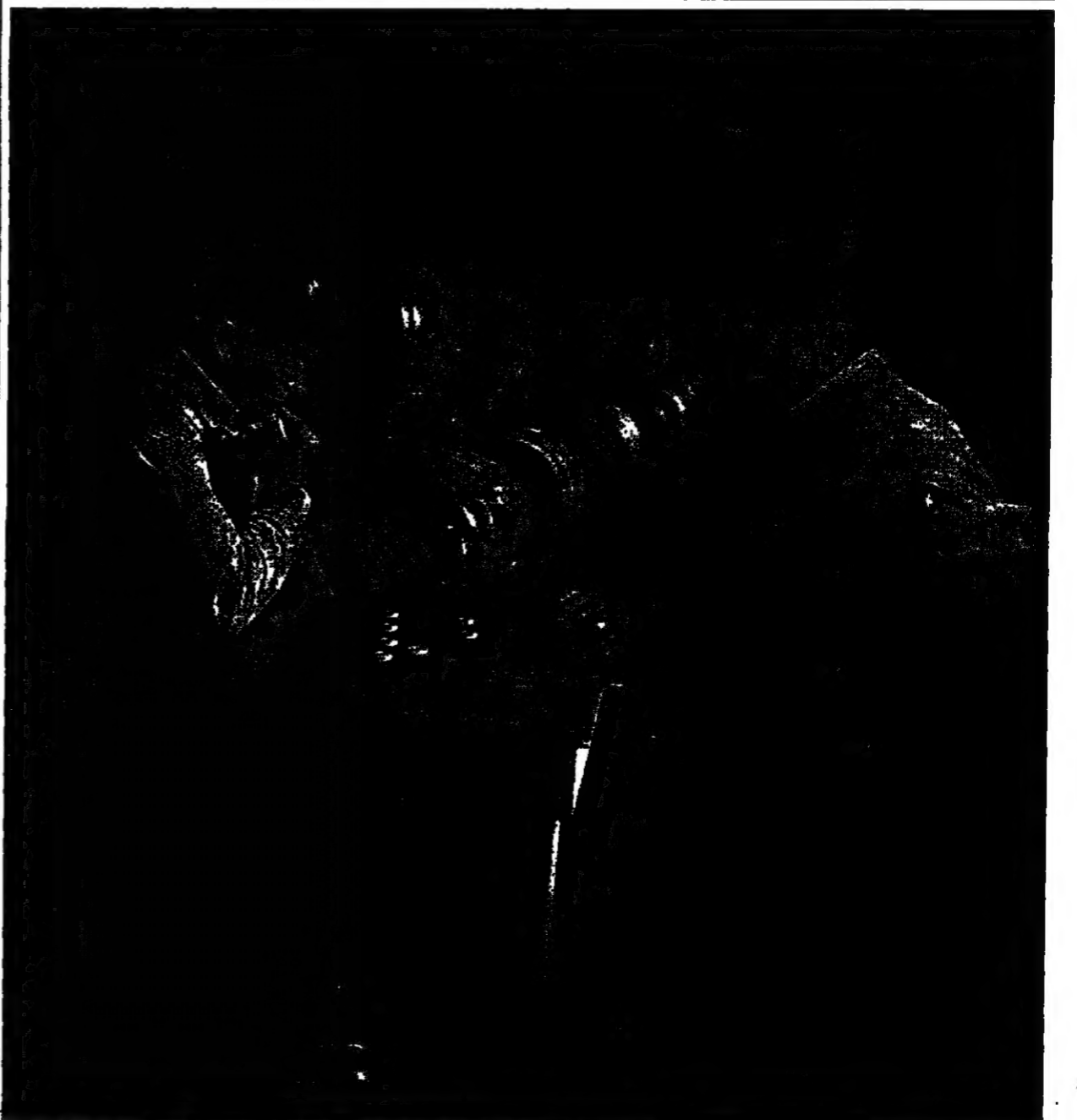
Stars of stage and screen mingled with politicians and captains of industry, all paying £500 for the privilege and the cause. Back-of-the-envelope calculations by party officials put the total income at around £200,000.

Among the 450 diners were Sir Richard Attenborough and film producer David Putnam, and actors Jeremy Irons, Sinead Cusack and Richard Wilson.

The big one, the really huge white guy with such pale skin and that moon-shaped face under the black glasses — he was the gatecrasher who came in with Jones. Marlon Brando; or Leroy, as Jones and Masekela call him. "Leroy's a nickname, old New York story, you don't want to go into that."

Dina Rabinovitch talks to Quincy Jones

Outlook page 17



If you'd like to know more about our unique whiskey, write to us for a free booklet at the Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee USA.

IF CHECKERS ever gets to be an international sport, we probably have a couple of gold medalists here at Jack Daniel Distillery.

Our employees have plenty of time to practice. Truth is, there's not much else to do while we're waiting for our whiskey to age. So we work on our crowns and jumps and storytelling, while the Tennessee Whiskey inside our charred oak barrels gains the rareness you've come to expect. Hurrying only harms good whiskey; according to these men, it's not much help to a checker player, either.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

6 WORLD NEWS

EU takes tough line on 'outrageous' Cuba bill

Julie Wolf in Brussels and Ian Black in London

THE European Union is stepping up pressure on President Clinton to drop action against non-American companies doing business in Cuba.

Support in the EU for tough action has grown since the US announced on Wednesday that nine executives of a Canadian mining group operating in Cuba...

Washington pursues its policy. He wrote earlier complaining about planned legislation designed to punish non-US companies trading with Iran and Libya.

damages in American courts from firms which have assets in Cuba. Reports from the US have suggested that Mr Clinton who is under strong electoral pressure from Florida's Cuban exile community...

'Baseball test' opens US doors

Jonathan Freedland in Washington

REMEMBER Norman Tebbit's cricket test? Now the United States has its very own measure of national identity: the baseball test.

was impressed that the Nicaraguan he mastered English, went to church every week and was a "baseball enthusiast who attends many games each year."

US gays lose marriage vote

Our Correspondent in Washington

THE struggle for gay rights in the United States suffered a serious blow yesterday, as the House of Representatives voted by a large margin to outlaw marriages between couples of the same sex.

that I have a loving relationship with another man jeopardises them?" asked Democrat Barney Frank, one of only three openly gay congressmen.



A firefighter sprays water on a section of an F-16 fighter plane that crashed in Pensacola, Florida, on Thursday, setting a house on fire and sending debris flying through the neighbourhood. A child is still missing. PHOTOGRAPH SCOTT FISHER

'Custer crap' merchants' last stand

Louis Sahagun in Crow Agency, Montana

A FEW hundred miles south of the ranch where the anti-government 'Freemen' were surrounded by Federal Bureau of Investigation agents...

ment, and even survival. They have so far filed liens against 12 businesses. An angered by what they see as an act of hostility towards white business owners and a burden on customers...

who "represent my government, the United States". At his request, Senator Burns's office has asked the attorney-general, Janet Reno, to send FBI agents to protect the businesses.

"I'm pro-Indian, but the current Crow administration is out of control," Mr Kortlander said. Unemployment runs at about 70 per cent on the reservation...

B&Q SALE advertisement featuring a woman, bathroom fixtures, and promotional text like 'Don't miss these bathroom bargains' and 'Blenheim Suite'.

News in brief: Hurricane hits Carolina coast, Ex-MP murdered, Gang war killings, Party HQs shut, Suharto returns, Lego 'boycott'.

Time was when a higher standard of education used to guarantee a higher standard of living. And it still can. At Voluntary Service Overseas...

Advertisement for VSO (Voluntary Service Overseas) featuring a cartoon character and text about education and living standards.

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'Defiant of the 'w', 'Mayor g', and 'One of the lightest, most efficient full size vacuums available'.

Muscovites look for someone to blame after second trolleybus explosion in two days

Defiant in face of the 'wolves'

James Meek in Moscow

NIKOLAI leant on the steering wheel and stared out of the trolleybus window at shoppers struggling through the harsh colours of a Russian heatwave. "It has become frightening to go to work, of course," he said. Grinning nervously, he added: "People say bombs don't go off in the same place twice."

Hours after an explosion tore through the number 48 trolleybus yesterday — the second such attack in two days in Moscow — the service was again running through some of Moscow's busiest streets and past the headquarters of the former KGB.

Nikolai, one of the drivers of the number 48, was pensive. Now, he said, he scrutinises passengers in the rear-view mirror as they get on. But he admitted that he did not know what he was looking for.

A friend was driving the blown-up bus and was injured by flying glass. "He didn't feel anything — until he realised there was blood trickling down his face," Nikolai said.

Muscovites travelling the 48 route yesterday reacted to the bombings with stoicism, racism and weariness. Many repeated the same proverb when asked if they were frightened: "If you're afraid of wolves, don't go into the forest."

"You can't go on the metro, walking can be dangerous, you can't go on the trolleybus. What are you supposed to do — stay at home?" Nikolai said.

The 22-year-old jumped to

a simple conclusion when asked who was responsible: "Who would try to kill women and children? One of the blacks — probably the Chechens. They're not interested in peace."

No one has yet claimed responsibility for either attack, and there is no evidence to link the bombs to Chechen separatists. Nevertheless Gennady, a 58-year-old railway engineer, said ethnic Chechens should be expelled.

"Let's get the Chechens out of Moscow and Moscow region, even if they weren't guilty," he said.

Sergei, aged 23, an advertising agent, was sceptical. "I don't think the Chechens are responsible. I think they'd come up with something on a larger scale than putting bombs on the trolleybus or the metro."

Moscow trolleybuses present a humble target for a terrorist. Hated by car drivers for their slowness and bulk, they whine through the traffic powered by electricity picked up from overhead wires, like giant dogeas. The pickups often become disengaged, forcing the driver to wrestle them back into place with ropes and poles.

It has always been a slow, jolting, ecologically sound and, until this week, safe way for Muscovites to get to work. There was no sign of a drop in passengers yesterday.

"Terrorism is everywhere," said Anna, a pensioner. "We have to fight it." She blamed moral decay rather than the Chechens. "We're probably guilty ourselves. We are very passive. We should have God inside us, and a conscience."



The wreckage of a Moscow trolleybus is searched for clues after yesterday's fatal explosion. PHOTOGRAPH: YURI KADONIN

Mayor gives notice to 'dangerous elements'

David Hearst in Moscow

MOSCOW'S mayor, Yuri Luzhkov, announced in the wake of yesterday's bus explosion a crackdown on "dangerous elements" which may be aimed at the capital's Caucasian population.

He said: "We intend to cleanse Moscow not only of homeless down-and-outs but also those elements that we consider dangerous."

President Boris Yeltsin,

looking pale and weak at a televised meeting with his security chiefs, said Moscow was "infested with terrorists".

"These comments bode ill for the city's Caucasian population, known earlier in the campaign as the 'visitors from the south' or more crudely as 'blacks'. Mr Luzhkov expelled thousands of Caucasian traders from the city in a similar law-and-order clampdown after the failed parliamentary rebellion in October 1995.

More than 1,000 extra police

were drafted into the city last night, and the security forces were put on a state of high alert. But the Federal Security Service (FSB) and Mr Luzhkov were no closer to identifying the perpetrators of the campaign, which has involved two fatal explosions on Moscow's transit system. In yesterday's blast, one person died and 30 were hurt.

Mr Luzhkov talked vaguely of a Chechen connection to the attacks but an FSB spokesman said: "I would not hurry to this conclusion." An-

other theory is that it is a challenge by Moscow's many criminal groups to Mr Yeltsin's new security chief, General Alexander Lebed.

In Chechnya itself, Russian planes continued to bomb the besieged village of Gekhi, oblivious to mounting international condemnation of the re-launch of the war so soon after Mr Yeltsin's re-election.

It was impossible to verify what was happening in the village. Residents say dozens of civilians have been killed and insist that the last fighter

left Gekhi on Thursday. The United States broke its months-long silence yesterday to voice its anger at the fresh outbreak of fighting in the region.

The state department spokesman, Nicholas Burns, hinted that Moscow had taken a conscious decision to restart the Chechen war, saying: "We are dismayed at the recent escalation of fighting, and dismayed that there is continued military fire directed at civilians."

Vice-President Al Gore, who is about to travel to Moscow, will reiterate the US position to Russian officials. Mr Burns said the US had always disagreed with "excessive and inappropriate use of military force, particularly against the innocent civilian population".

"Civilians have been the majority of casualties — dead and wounded in this war," he said. "And the tragic irony is that Russian civilians make up the majority of casualties in Chechnya, not Chechen civilians."

I-For 'will not hunt down Karadzic'

Agencies in Bonn

THE Bosnian peace implementation force (I-For) will not hunt down the Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic and his army chief, Ratko Mladic, despite the international warrants for their arrest, the German foreign minister said yesterday.

Klaus Kinkel said the I-For mission was to capture the indicted war criminals if its soldiers come across them. "The international warrant has changed nothing for I-For," he told Deutschlandfunk radio.

The UN war crimes tribunal in The Hague issued the warrants on Thursday and rebuked the Serbian authorities for their failure to arrest them.

Mr Kinkel urged President Slobodan Milosevic of Serbia to deliver the two leaders to international justice, saying the world should make it clear that it would consider reimposing the economic sanctions which were lifted after last year's Dayton peace agreement.

Hans Koschnick, a German who resigned as European Union administrator of the divided Bosnian city of Mostar

earlier this year, said: "I do not believe that Milosevic, despite all his talk, is interested in having Karadzic arrested and extradited by Serb or Montenegrin authorities."

"He has reason to fear that Karadzic will spill the beans about what arrangements Belgrade made with Pale [the Bosnian Serb 'capital']". Mr Kinkel said the arrest warrants had increased the pressure on Mr Karadzic and Mr Mladic, because their freedom of movement was now "almost totally constrained".

He called for Mr Karadzic's Serb nationalist party to be banned from the Bosnian elections.

The defence minister, Volker Rühse, suggested at the weekend that I-For should try to arrest the two Serb figures if all else failed, but officials in Bonn said he was just turning up the pressure.

Officials running Bosnia's elections declared the Party for Democratic Action, a Muslim group, responsible for an attack on the former prime minister Haris Silajdzic in the north-west town of Cazin last month, and punished it by striking seven candidates from a local voting list.

Finding the world's most wanted man, page 13

Deal to curb arms sales

Resuter in Vienna

NEGOTIATORS from 31 countries struck a significant deal yesterday to curb global arms exports after two days of talks, senior diplomats said.

The United States and Russia managed to heal a rift on the disclosure of sensitive information which had threatened to block the first export control regime for weapons and military technology since the cold war.

"We agreed at this meeting to implement the Wassenaar arrangement," a senior United States government source said. Twenty-eight Western and Eastern states sketched the outlines of the new arms control forum in December 1995 in the Dutch town of Wassenaar. It was designed to succeed the secretive Co-ordinating Committee on Export Controls, known as Cocom.

Berlusconi on fresh charge

Resuter in Milan

THE former Italian prime minister Silvio Berlusconi was charged yesterday with illegal political party funding and ordered to stand trial with the symbol of the fallen old guard, Bettino Craxi.

Several senior managers of Mr Berlusconi's Fininvest media empire were also indicted, including Ubaldo Livolsi, managing director of the television firm Mediaset, expected to make its debut on the Milan bourse on Monday.

Mr Berlusconi is accused of acquiescing in payments by Fininvest to Mr Craxi of 10 billion lire (\$4.2 billion).

Mr Berlusconi's lawyer, Enrico Amadio, said: "We have always maintained the operation was carried out from one foreign country to another and so is beyond Italian law." The trial is scheduled for November 21.

Pollen, Pet-hairs, Dust and Dust Mites... Virtually Nothing Escapes the 8½lb ORECK Vacuum!

Oreck, the vacuum chosen by 50,000 hotels and 1 million homes in the USA since 1963. So many commercial organisations insist on the lightweight Oreck XL to clean up in hotels, restaurants, conference halls and even sports arenas. Why? Because it's powerful, lightweight and incredibly durable.

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8 SPORTS NEWS

Farmer's Charlotte to toil in t... Paul Weaver

York with TV form

- 2.00 Brougham Sportsman
2.35 Salim
3.05 Brougham's Turfman

- 3.40 Coleridge
4.15 Terrence (pb)
4.45 Mahan
5.15 Top Of The Form

Down Low to include best up to 60...
Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing

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Racing

Tertium and Fortune look good value in Magnet Cup

Chris Hawkins

A HORSE in form ridden by a jockey on the crest of the wave... Tertium and Fortune look good value in Magnet Cup

value bet in a very competitive race. John Godden is always a trainer to be feared in handicaps, particularly when he runs an improving three-year-old, and he has a colt here that fits the bill in the Arctid.

But because of Godden's reputation his horses are often shorter than they should be and Arctid is likely to start favourite on the strength of a maiden victory at Ripon and a respectable handicap second to Ambassador at Doncaster last month.

to Shear Danzig at Sandown last week, and I give Conrad Allen's three-year-old a major chance.

Pumbers liking a tilt at tricky handicaps can get their hands in earlier in the afternoon with the John Smith's Bitter Handicap.

Broughton's Tarmoil (3.05) is my selection here after two promising starts, notably at Newmarket last month in a fast run seven furlongs event. With only 38t lb, he looks reasonably treated.

David Morley sent out Coleridge (3.40) to win the North-berland Plate two weeks ago in good style and this four-year-old loves York, is worth supporting again in the Foster's Silver Rated Handicap.

Jack Berry has runners at this meeting. John Carroll, goes to Chester where Lucky Parkes (3.15) looks good in the City Wall Stakes on his excellent run behind To The Roof over Espom's five furlongs.

The Kidgannon Stud Irish Oaks is run at The Curragh tomorrow and it will be surprising if Lady Carla (4.20) cannot follow up her Espom romp. She turned the Vodafone Oaks into a procession, beating Pricket by nine lengths, and this unbeaten filly could be up to beating the colts.

We may find out soon for if she wins without having to hard a race, Henry Cecil could saddle her for the King George Diamond Stakes at Ascot at the end of the month for which she is currently quoted as a third favourite by the Foster's Silver Rated Handicap.

The Aga Khan sends Shamara from France to take on Lady Carla tomorrow. This daughter of Kalyans was the 22nd race of her career and equal the post-war record of Laurel Green, but will be trying to gain a foothold.

At the yesterday, the gallop mare Branston Abby failed in her attempt to win the 22nd race of her career and equal the post-war record of Laurel Green, but will be trying to gain a foothold.

Fortune was an apprentice sensation a few years ago, but has never quite fulfilled that promise, finding like so many jockeys that it is desperately hard to break into the big time.

But after two thrilling big handicap wins in the last two days his confidence must be sky high and it is hoped he will communicate it to Tertium (4.45), who looks the

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Curragh tomorrow BBC2

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Salisbury

- 3.15 Elver Whiget
3.30 Shidal
3.20 Brougham

- 3.55 Diamond Cut
4.30 What Happened Was
5.00 Corbridge Court

Down Low members invited...
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Chester runners and riders

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Results

YORK

LINGFIELD

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4.35 MAIDEN STAKES 1m 110yds

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Handwritten signature: J.P. Davis

Cricket

Farmer's daughter Charlotte forced to toil in the field

Paul Weaver, at Guildford, on the Test debut of a 16-year-old, the youngest to have played cricket for England

THEY came to watch Charlotte Edwards, an embryo batswoman, in Guildford yesterday and they were disappointed. New Zealand batted through out the first day of this final and deciding Test against England and were 362 for five at the close. Miss Edwards, 16, and just through her GCSEs, is the youngest cricketer to win selection for the England women's team. Yesterday she had to make do with her work in the field, although even here she showed some precocious versatility. She fielded at mid-on, slip, cover and third woman, so to speak.

"I bet her £10 that she would play this year," adds her father. "I didn't hear the news directly because I was irrigating the potatoes at the time but, when I got back to the farmyard, my son Daniel [who plays for his county] was there to tell me the happy news." Brian Close was only 18 when he was chosen for England for the 1950-51 tour to Australia under Freddie Brown. England were beaten 4-1 in that series and many sound judges now say that Close's early recognition prevented him from developing into an outstanding international all-rounder. Mr Edwards, who captained Huntingdonshire and was his daughter's painstaking coach, rubs his chin and smiles slowly. "I have always believed that if you are good enough you are old enough, and I'm sure Charlotte is good enough. She was always big for her age and is a big front-foot driver. She also plays hockey and netball, so there is an all-round ability there. "She has also had some coaching from the National Cricket Association. I think the most important thing I told her was not to hit across the line, which is a sure way of losing your wicket. When I worked with her in the garden I gave her out for doing that, which is one reason she is so good. She was always a 'V' player. She works hard at her game and trains by running through our village of Piddley. She wants to take a degree in sports and tourism and coach in schools. I have told her that the cricket ends in September."



Young gun... Edwards looks forward to a chance to bat



Letting rip... England's Clare Taylor puts her back into a delivery at Guildford but New Zealand went on to make 362 for five PHOTOGRAPHS: DAN SMITH

Charlotte added: "The boys I captain accept me but now and again I get a little sledging from the ones I play against. But it doesn't get to me." There is another England debutante in this match, Lucy Pearson, also from Huntingdonshire, impressed with her left-arm bowling, though her 11 overs were wicketless.

This series has been half-rained by indifferent weather and two rather dull draws at Worcester and Scarborough. New Zealand, who won the toss, are powerfully placed, although it looked even better for them when they were 351 for three just before the close. Their openers, the Bradmanesque Debbie Hockley and Shelley Fruin, created a

first-wicket record for their country when they put on 150 (beating the previous best first-wicket score of 128) before Fruin (80) was run out by the England captain Karen Smithers after being sent back attempting a sharp single. Hockley, the highest run

scorer and most capped player in women's cricket history, was second out at 157, when, on 65, she was caught behind. England's bowlers may have felt they were on their way at this stage. But then Emily Drumm (63) and Kirsty Flavell (57) set another national record with a third-wicket stand of 106.

Drumm was third out at 273, an elegant innings which produced 10 fours and occupied only 76 deliveries and 97 minutes. Flavell was the fourth to fall at 351 and was soon followed back to the pavilion by Maia Lewis. Edwards may have to wait a while yet before she gets her big chance.

Benson and Hedges Cup final: Lancashire v Northamptonshire

A big last hurrah for old Embers and fiery Curtly

Mike Selvey
TODAY is John Embury's homecoming. Now 43 years old, he will arrive at Lord's, make his way to the home dressing-room, hang his coat on the same peg he has used hundreds of times before, run his fingers through his thinning old hair and wonder at the way life pines out. Embury has come a long way in the 23 years since, as a Leekham lad with shoulder-length hair, he spun his way into the Middlesex side at Burton on Trent and earned the headline "The Emburyonic Titmus". There followed 64 England caps, titles galore with his county, rebel tours and now a Lord's final. Earlier this season it ap-

peared he would not play first-class cricket again. With his career in the twilight zone, Northamptonshire had offered him the job of heading their development programme — and wanted him to play as well, just until their youngsters were ready. But Middlesex had also offered him a contract and under the rules governing transfers that meant he could only play as a "contested registration", a category of signing that a county is allowed a very limited number of in a five-year period. Northamptonshire took that gamble and it has paid off handsomely, as Embury's parsimonious bowling, long experience and quirky but effective batting has underpinned his new county's one-day form this season.

It was never more evident than at the NatWest Trophy tie against Lancashire at Old Trafford last Wednesday when he got his head down and, with Tony Penberthy, pulled round an innings that had been going nowhere and made it something. Lancashire's one-wicket win in the 50-over match showed just how close the sides are on ability. As a guide to today's 50-over final — reduced from the old 55 overs to bring the competition into line with World Cup matches — that is about all that can be said. But there is no doubt that experience of the occasion helps and Lancashire have earned their place as hot favourites by reaching Lord's finals 14 times now, more than any other county, four coming in the past six years of this competition. Tight bowling allied to fine fielding, batting in depth and a wonderful sense of the pace of a match have become Lancashire's trademark. Northamptonshire have reached nine finals in total but only two of them in the B & H Embury would love to cap his career with a winner's medal and the Gold Award to boot, but if the outsiders are to win today it will probably be because a resurgent Curtly Ambrose has disrupted Lancashire's equilibrium. A few years back, when Ambrose was in his absolute pomp, feature writer was trying to get some back-ground on him from Viv Richards when Ambrose himself wandered by. "Hey man," he is reported to have said, "if you want information about me, you don't go to someone else, you hear?" "Great," said the writer, thinking he was being offered the inside story. "When can we do an interview?" "The look that came back would have been from the sun," Curtly Ambrose doesn't talk."



Embury... first Lord's final

Indeed, Curtly Ambrose does not care for journalists very much at all, believing they are a dangerous breed waiting to put spin on anything a paceman delivers. If you say nothing, there is nothing to twist. But no matter how tight the button is on the lip, body language can shout. In seasons past his brooding sullenness hinted that on the whole he would rather have been back in Swates, Antigua, than running in at Northampton. This year, by contrast, has been a revelation for County Ground regulars, who have witnessed a cricketer entering a second childhood, enjoying the game for what it is, getting involved, standing in the slips (where the action and the matter is) and smiling. Oh yes, and bowling like a dream, too, the surging probing lethal Ambrose of half a decade ago. All the great players like a grand stage. Richards and Clive Lloyd, it seemed, rarely came to Lord's for a major event without producing something special. And no one who witnessed Aravinda de Silva's stunning century last July, which almost stole this trophy from under the noses of Lancashire, needs reminding that the best turn it on when it matters most. The cream has better chance of rising in the mid-summer final, where there is no dew to make the pitch clammy and the toss is less crucial. When only the best will do, step forward Curtly Ambrose.

Warren's glove department

David Foot meets the Northamptonshire wicketkeeper who is 'rather uneasy' at leaving a victim of Alec Stewart syndrome

ONE suspects that the self-effacing Warren would be happiest passing on his suddenly inherited gloves permanently. They believe he should be able to concentrate on his stroke-making without the added, remorseless demands of concentration behind the stumps. His runs have dried up after a double hundred against Glamorgan in early May. For his part, he does not blame the keeping for that. But he became the county's wicketkeeper with some reluctance. Lamb was arguing over the balance of the team and argued that Warren's inclusion, at the expense of the capable Ripley, would give the side more bat-

ting strength. Warren was surprised but knew that Lamb's logic worked in his favour. It was the surest way of squeezing into the team. Rob Bailey, this year's captain, says: "Russell has made mistakes but he's new to the job and that is bound to happen. It's bloody difficult keeping wicket all day and I accept he would probably like just to bat." Lamb goes beyond that. He sees Warren as a future long-term opener. "I told him frankly that doubling up was his best chance of staying in the side. He has never let us down and has won a few matches for us with the bat." Warren, a cricketer without airs, never kept wicket as a schoolboy. Yet he did in emergencies at Under-19 level, in the second XI and then in a Sunday League match at Southampton. He was the obvious replacement for Ripley when he

broke a finger — and the pattern was set. It was goodbye to those days in the slips or covers, or even when he offered his occasional services as an off-spinner — not always accepted.

He is a natural sportsman, good on application and the angles. These he demonstrated as a midfielder at local soccer and as a smoocher fanatic — "I did get a 100 break in a practice game". His golf handicap stands at eight. Now 24, he has been mentioned as an England one-day player of the future. In the short-term Northamptonshire see him as an important member of their somewhat unfancied Benson and Hedges final team. He likes playing shots — and Lancashire are well aware of that. His hands are reliable, hardened by the ferocity with which Curtly Ambrose's missiles whack into his gloves. And could there have been a better education than standing up to Anil Kumble last season? "In a way, because I wasn't yet an established keeper, I felt no great pressure about handling Kumble's bowling. Yet because of the bounce he used to get, and when the pitch was turning on the last days, I ended up being almost tempted to put on a helmet. At times it seemed to be a choice of four byes or a broken nose." And the grin that quickly follows is the clue that the public persona of this most relaxed of cricketers is perhaps a little more tongue-in-cheek than his words are strictly accurate.

Warren's inclusion, at the expense of the capable Ripley, would give the side more bat-

Ripley, a talented wicketkeeper, harbours no visible grievances about receding status. He is a victim of the Alec Stewart syndrome; the batsman who can take the gloves with passable merit increasingly has his uses. Warren ponders his own learning curve behind the stumps and the errors he has made on the way. "I'm six foot two and not the most flexible. But I continue to think of myself as a batsman. That means I have to work on my keeping and I feel I'm improving all the time. When I've missed a few and faced a worry or two over technique, it's been 'Rips' I've turned to. He has willingly helped me. There are those at Wantage



Russell Warren... kept wicket in emergency STUART FRANKLIN

The cover-up behind the poisoning of a Cornish town, tomorrow in The Observer

South Africans make three strong points that help to save the game

SOUTH AFRICA A, never quite far enough ahead for a challenging declaration, were compensated by three excellent innings on the final day of their three-day match against MCC at Shenley. The game petered out

into a draw but not before a career-best 183 from Bessie Gibeau, an unbeaten 114 by the captain John Commins and a useful 73 from Gerry Liebenberg. The day started with the South Africans on 133 for one, needing 54 to avoid an

innings defeat. This target was reached quickly and by lunch, the score had moved on to 205 for two. The only other two wickets to fall were those of Liebenberg and, after a fourth-wicket stand worth 239 in 49 overs, that of Gibbs, who

struck 25 fours and five sixes in beating his previous mark of 152 not out. MCC were without Robert Croft with a back strain but he hopes to be fit to play for Glamorgan against Essex at Chelmsford tomorrow.

Golf

Woosnam the leader sees victory as a long shot



David Davies at Carnoustie

AN WOOSNAM, wavering between optimism and pessimism, knows he is playing well but is still not sure he can win the Scottish Open today. A round of 70 yesterday, two under par, gave him a three-stroke lead over Russell Claydon; and four over a fourball that includes the Scots Colin Montgomerie and Paul Lawrie. But Woosnam, not normallyaverse to declarations of intent, would say yesterday only that he felt that "anyone can still win". His reasoning was that Carnoustie was so difficult anything could hap-

pen; a player could drop the four-shot margin he has over Montgomerie, for instance, as the result of one bad shot. "You have to hit the shots on this golf course," he said. "It's not going to turn into a putting competition." Woosnam does not reckon to win many of those, although it is possible he held more of the longer variety than any of the contenders yesterday. A 26-footer fell in at the 10th, a 20-footer at the 13th, both for birdies, and what might turn out to be a critical 26-footer at the last. "He had hit a rare bad drive which got 'a diabolical lie' in the rough and his recovery bounced badly into a bunker.

where it plugged under the lip. He had to come out sideways and then hit an eight-iron to the green. The bogey putt could turn out to be crucial. Montgomerie has enjoyed sporadic form this week and for the first time in many years his driving is letting him down. It will be interesting, if he fails to cure it, to see how long his advocacy of tight golf courses with narrow fairways and penal rough continues. A 71 yesterday brought the comment: "That wasn't very pretty but it was a gutsy performance. That was a helluva effort on a course like this playing like I was. To an extent it was encouraging in that I can produce a score like that playing so badly." He added: "I'm going straight to the range to work on things and, as you know, I don't usually do that." Paul Broadhurst also broke new ground with a five-putt on the final green. The first was from 40ft, the third and fourth, both from 2ft, lipped out. "What happened there," said Broadhurst afterwards, "God alone knows." He went from level par and second place to three over and joint seventh. "I think that's killed off my chances altogether."

No fewer than 317 rounds of golf had been played this

week over this the hardest of championship tests before someone broke 70 and, slightly surprisingly, it was Sandy Lyle who did it. He had qualified on the exact mark, five over, to make the cut, and was playing as shabbily as has been the norm these last few years. But yesterday, wielding a broomstick putter that he adopted last week, he found new confidence on the greens and, as he said, "if you see the ball go in the hole a few times, it takes the pressure off the main game". The putter found its way into the bag during the Irish Open when, in the second round, he had 35 putts. "I said: 'To hell with

this," said Lyle and finally conceded that his game on the greens needed help. "I've had four competitive rounds with it now," he said yesterday. "And no three-putts. That gets the juices going a bit," he added, thinking of Lytham and the Open next week. "If my putting continues like this, it changes everything." His round of 68 moved him from 68th to joint 17th, earned him a mass media interview and, as he settled into his chair, he looked around and said smilingly, "These press rooms have changed a bit since I last came into one," to which one journalist said: "Yes, but who are you?"

MOTOR RACING: BRITISH GRAND PRIX

Alan Henry hears which way the engines are roaring at Silverstone as drivers seek to strengthen their hand before the opening of contract negotiations for next season

Ferrari ready with good news for Irvine



On the record... Hill, 'with the confidence of a man at the peak of his form', discusses tomorrow's race at Silverstone

PHOTOGRAPH: TOM JEWINS

Hill bent on keeping it in the family

Alan Henry on the home support system that has helped bring about a new attitude

THE moment Damon Hill's attitude and approach to Formula One took a decisive, if subtle, turn for the better is recalled with clarity by his team chief Frank Williams. In the fortnight between last year's Japanese and Australian grands prix Hill met up with his wife Georgie for a week's holiday in the Far East. After returning to Japan he was, in Williams's words, "a different man" on arrival in Adelaide for the final race of the season. "I don't know what he did or how he did it," says Williams. "But he did it without any help from anyone else."

point. Perhaps being at home is even more attractive because of its rarity.

"But I am adamant that I don't want my children to go through what I did when I was brought up. I was very happy, I was very lucky and everything like that, but my dad was never there, never really around." A combination of reticence and quiet dignity makes Hill reluctant to discuss his relationship with his father.

death and offers an insight into the young man's confused state of mind at the time.

"My recollection of Damon was one of a young man in deep shock," says Gurney. "A young man who was asking such questions as 'what is life all about?' I don't know how one learns to cope with it but that is what Damon was going through. "I think he spent some time with my oldest son John and I

think people take time to mature," he says. "Over the past few seasons I have been collecting all the ingredients to mix the cake but it fell a bit flat at the end of last year, so I had to start with a new mix."

He acknowledges there is always an edge between him and Schumacher but feels this is inevitable when one driver generally wins at the other's expense. "But, to be honest, I don't spend too long thinking about

US Masters, came back at Greg Norman and demolished his advantage to win the tournament was something which translates directly with F1 and the pressures I have sustained over the past two seasons."

Yes, if Hill achieves his life's ambition this season, it will also be due, in some measure, to Georgie, who does not believe that being an F1 wife requires anything different from being the wife of any other high-profile person. She also rejects the stereotyping of a motor racing wife as somebody who has to put up with a great deal. "As his job in hand has grown, so must the level of Damon's dedication," she says firmly. "I fully support him in that because I want to because I love him and want him to achieve what he wants to, because that is what makes him happy."

'I am adamant that I don't want my children to go through what I did when I was brought up'

Graham and mother Betty who remains, together with Georgie, his biggest fan. The death of his father in an air crash in November 1975, when Damon was 15, obviously made a profound impression on his formative years.

Dan Gurney, the great American who was a teammate of Graham Hill at BRM in 1960, recalls that Damon went to stay with his family in California in the immediate aftermath of Graham's

it," he says. "As a spectator I would probably be interested in it. But as a driver I'm looking only at Damon Hill and what I'm up to, making sure that everything stays together in the team and I use every opportunity I can to get the best shot at every race. Hill admits that he draws inspiration from other sportsmen. "I particularly respect Nick Faldo because golf fascinates me. Like motor racing it is a mind game and the way he turned things round in the

THE Ferrari president Luca di Montezemolo yesterday vetoed the idea of recruiting Damon Hill as a teammate for Michael Schumacher in 1997, leaving the way clear for Eddie Irvine to keep his seat with the famous Maranello team for next season.

"We have to decide by the end of July whether we continue with Irvine," he said, "so we theoretically have time available to make another decision. But it is our intention that we should go on with him into next year."

"I have a very good opinion of Damon as both a driver and a person but having Michael and Damon on the team would not be possible next year. I don't think it would be useful to have two No. 1 drivers and I think Eddie and Michael have a good working relationship."

The Ferrari president shrugged aside suggestions that Schumacher would be in a position to veto Hill's inclusion, making the point that the question of selecting a No. 2 driver was primarily a matter for the team. "But we would obviously discuss any such decision with Michael," he admitted.

The reality, of course, is that the ingrained rivalry between Hill and Schumacher would create a volatile and unmanageable situation at a time when Ferrari is attempting to re-establish itself as a grand-prix winning force.

Not that this speculation is likely to bother Hill, who is looking towards victory tomorrow to put one of the final pieces of the world championship jigsaw in place. Yet for others such as Irvine, a good result could well make a career.

The Silverstone fixture normally marks the F1 season's halfway point but changes to this year's calendar have made it the 10th of 16 races. Yet it is still perceived as the point in the season when the pack turns for home and anyone not in the leading bunch will find himself battling against the tide in an effort to revive his reputation.

In particular Martin Brundle will be hoping that the last few races of the year enable him to reverse the decline in his fortunes — nothing better than a solitary sixth place since joining Jordan-Pouget at the start of the season.

Four years ago Brundle

came away from his home grand prix suffused with optimism. He had achieved a strong third place behind the Williams-Renaults of Nigel Mansell and Riccardo Patrese and, more significantly, outran his then Benetton teammate Schumacher.

Now 37, Brundle is fitter and more motivated than he was in 1992 but such a frustrating lack of success at this late stage in his Formula One career underlines what a complex mind game top-line motor racing can be.

Brundle's problems adapting to the Jordan team's new car have been rather surprising. He has always shown himself to be extremely versatile in the past when switching from car to car. But this change was more difficult, even though he had enjoyed much more pre-season testing than he was used to.

"Establishing a new working relationship with a team is often a more acute problem with a relatively young team such as Jordan," he explained. "On the face of it you might think that it is easier to understand how a more modest team functions but that is not the case."

Rubens [Barrichello] is in a good situation because he has been with the team for four years and understands fully the subtleties of its operation. However, my style of driving — which differs from his — also seems to give the engineers more problems. It is crucial to establish a strong relationship between the drivers and engineers.

"This, of course, is an extremely personal thing and has nothing whatsoever to do with experience. Some drivers need an aggressive atmosphere in which to develop but I am not like that. I am looking for an element of comfort in my relationship with a team and that sort of situation is the one in which I feel I can give my best."

Like Irvine, Brundle will be hoping that tomorrow brings relief from repeated disappointment. A place on the podium would be a timely boost as the clock starts ticking on contract negotiations for 1997.

Silverstone

British Grand Prix 1995

Fastest lap: Hill (Williams)

1m 28.71sec; 128.777mph

Pole position: Hill (Williams)

1m 28.12sec; 128.577mph/204.88km/h

Lap distance: 3.14 miles / 5.05km

Races: 61 laps

Backstage

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Ice Hockey

Wasps bite the ice which Durham cannot guarantee

Vic Batchelder

A FAMOUS name will be missing when the new season opens on August 31. Durham Ice Rink will no longer host the sport. There will be no Wasps. "We can't guarantee ice for next season," said the rink's general manager Brian Argyle. "An inspection showed we've a serious [pipework corrosion] problem." Repairs are likely to cost up to £250,000. A major factor is the 57-year-old ice plant, still partly powered by a water-wheel on the River Wear behind the building. The building opened in 1946 but the ice pad pre-dated that by seven years and was used during the Second World War when many top Canadian professionals took part in games around two wooden poles at the centre of the ice, supporting a tent-like roof. Durham Wasps, formed in

1947, were one of Britain's most famous teams and enjoyed eight seasons of almost success from 1984 to 1992, winning both the league and British Championship titles four times plus three Autumn Cups. In 1990-91 they became the second club to win all three in one season. However, controversy surrounded the sale of the team's title by the former owners to Sir John Hall 12 months ago. As part of his Newcastle Sporting Club organisation, the Newcastle Wasps played at Sunderland's Growtree rink last season with a new team, the Durham City Wasps, playing in Durham. Now Newcastle have dropped the name Wasps for their Super League team which will play at Newcastle Arena. And the City Wasps, along with a famous junior development system which has produced many top British players, are no more.

Boxing

Riot police bring Bowe's Garden fight to end



Garden party... a chair is thrown as fighting breaks out among the crowd

A HEAVYWEIGHT bout in Madison Square Garden on Thursday night ended in brawling inside and outside the ring. Riot police were called, 14 people were arrested and at least eight were taken to hospital. Fighting broke out immediately after the previously unbeaten Pole Andrew Golota was disqualified for repeated low blows in the seventh round of his non-title fight with the former undisputed world heavyweight champion Riddick Bowe.

When Bowe went down wounded from Golota's fourth low blow of the fight, the referee Wayne Kelly disqualified the Polish fighter. One of Bowe's camp immediately launched an attack on Golota, who suffered gashes on the head from repeated blows from a walkie-talkie. As Bowe writhed on the canvas, the ring filled with people punching and kicking while objects and chairs were thrown from the crowd. The Garden security was overwhelmed as hundreds of spectators from the crowd of 11,252 stormed the ring. Fights then started in the stands between Golota's fans following and Bowe's supporters, many of whom were African-American.

old trainer, collapsed with chest pains and was taken by stretcher out of the ring. He was reported to be "stable" yesterday in New York University Medical Centre. Fighting continued for about 15 minutes, subsided, then started again almost 30 minutes after the bout ended, as riot police arrived. The arena was eventually evacuated.

Bowe's promoter Rock Newman was caught in the middle of the fray. "I was worried about Bowe," he said. "He was in great pain and on the floor. He was lying defenceless on the floor."

"I just went to cover Riddick. I had my head down. I

don't know what the hell happened after that." Newman called Golota "a very nasty fighter" and added: "His low blows were so flagrant that after the second one I thought he would be disqualified. You can't let a fighter foul another one like that."

Golota had had Bowe in trouble throughout the fight, but his good work was undone by a left hook that repeatedly landed low.

Members of Main Events, Golota's promotion company, were yesterday seen to be looking at tapes with police and considering pressing charges against anybody they could identify.



Low Bowe... after the disqualifying blow

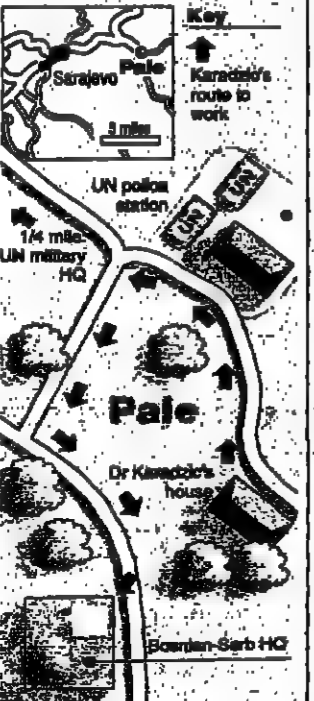
CORNHILL TEST SERIES ENGLAND V PAKISTAN 25-28th JULY Lords 8th-11th AUG Hedingley 22nd-25th AUG The Oval BOOK TICKETS NOW 0171 413 3355

Rugby League Super League Scales floors Wigan F

As a UN tribunal issues a warrant for the Bosnian Serb leader, JULIAN BORGER in Pale describes how easily he could be arrested if only we had the nerve

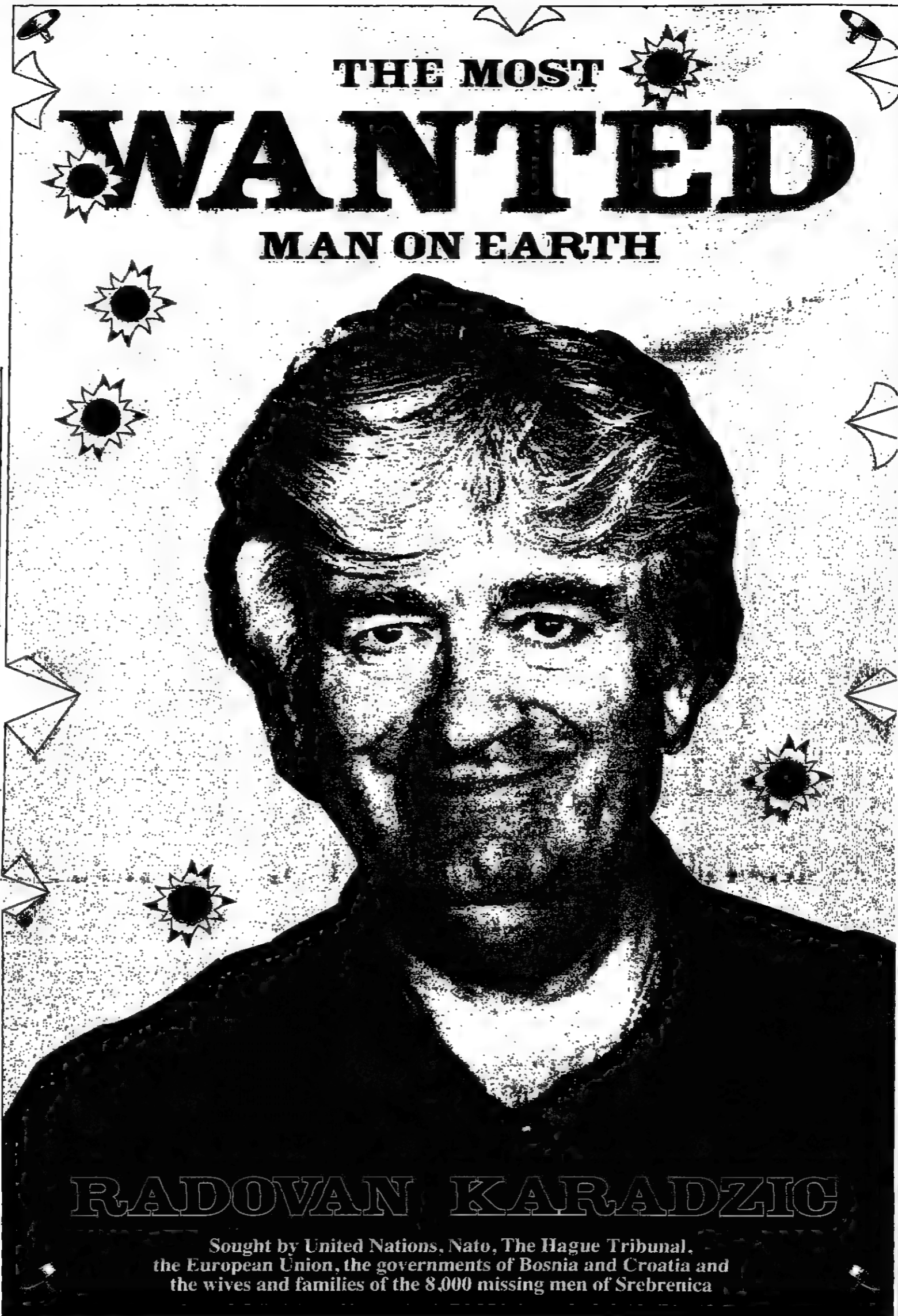
TRACKING down the world's most wanted man takes about 20 minutes by car from the centre of Sarajevo. Here's how. Take the mountain road east out of town, which runs along a scenic gorge for about five miles, across the old front line. Follow the road through a short tunnel, and you can look down on Pale, the "capital" of the Republika Srpska, a village of chalet-style houses serenely snuggling in a green valley. Pale may be small, but everyone who is anyone in the international institutions game is here. This really is the global village. Down the hill, you'll pass the Nato liaison office (with British Land Rovers outside). That string of lozenge-shaped green vehicles is an Italian patrol, but don't ask for directions. They rarely stop in Pale, for fear of provoking an incident with the local Serbs. Take the first left and drive through the centre of the village, which should take no more than 30 seconds, passing the Red Cross, a little market, a handful of shops and some ugly modern flats. Then the UN International Police Task Force (IPTF) with lots of white four-wheel-drives and policemen from Ireland, Holland, Austria, Ghana, Poland. They all seem to get on extremely well. Slow down, drive another half-mile into the open

itary site. There was a stand-off which threatened to get out of hand until a UN police patrol turned up and explained it was the home of Dr Karadzic — a war criminal, wanted for genocide by the UN tribunal in the Hague, and none of For's business. For can arrest Dr Karadzic and the other 60 war criminals at large in the Balkans only if they bump into them in the course of their duties. They cannot go looking for them. The fear is that would spark retribution against For and a downward spiral, as seen in Somalia. There have been no signs that this judgment has changed since the Hague tribunal issued international arrest warrants on Thursday for Karadzic and his military commander, General Ratko Mladic, who lives in a bunker 35 miles away. You could, of course, wait around outside Karadzic's house on the off-chance the world's most notorious fugitive will show himself, but the local farmers get suspicious. There was no sign of him one long hot afternoon this week, but the UN police say his cavalcade whizzes by most days or nights, taking the Bosnian Serb leader to work in his offices a mile away. Karadzic usually rides in a black Mercedes with smoked glass, followed by a couple of cars and his bodyguards in a large shiny jeep. His security detail occasionally test the waters with spoof cavalcades: "They'll speed along with lights flashing and so on, but there's no one inside," a UN official said, with a hint of admiration at Karadzic's chutzpah. Back across Pale is the grandly-titled International Press Centre, run by Karadzic's daughter, Sonja, 29 — a former medical student who became a power during the war. Last year, she had the Bosnian Serb military spokesman sacked for pointing out she had failed to complete her studies. Her clout is immediately apparent. Unlike most roads here, the lane leading up to the Centre now has a tar surface and the offices, unlike those others which have been left in their smoky, bullet-scarred wartime state, have been done up in pine paneling. A portrait of Sonja's father smiles chubbily from the wall. Unfortunately, Sonja is often there. She is a pale woman with a mass of jet-black hair and a foul temper, worsened by the hot weather. She detests the foreign press for its unflattering portrayal of her father and his cause. If she spots a journalist, her smouldering bitterness is liable to ignite. One glance can prove fatal, at least to any hopes of interviewing her father. So it was earlier this week. Even before the interview application form had been completed, stating my intentions etc., the word came from Sonja that it would not be necessary. "This is a message from the International Press Centre," said an employee, emerging sheepishly from her office, searching for polite words. "It would be better if you didn't come back here at all. You are not, welcome. Maybe it would be time to go." There is not much to do in Pale. There is a cafe where



country and you'll see a little slip road down an embankment, leading to a quaint wooden bridge and a police checkpoint. That is Radovan Karadzic's driveway. His white villa is just visible among the trees. Approach with caution. The Serbs are not allowed to deploy soldiers so close to the old front line, but the special police at the gate look mean, despite the purple uni-forms. They won't answer questions about Dr Karadzic's whereabouts and after the first enquiries they will unsling their guns and tell you to leave. A month ago, a platoon of Italian soldiers drove up to the gate by mistake. They thought it was some unauthorised mil-

ited teenagers and ex-soldiers gather. There is the People's Library, a one-room affair which served as the village library, but — like so much else here — was renamed when Karadzic raised his separatist banner on Sarajevo's outskirts in April 1992. There is no sign of Karadzic's works in the library (the Republika may be a one-party statelet but it is hardly totalitarian), although when he first arrived from the Montenegro mountains, he fancied himself as a poet. Despite his dramatic lack of talent, his communist party links ensured five collections of his verses were published. The librarian searches anxiously



THE MOST WANTED MAN ON EARTH

RADOVAN KARADZIC

Sought by United Nations, Nato, The Hague Tribunal, the European Union, the governments of Bosnia and Croatia and the wives and families of the 8,000 missing men of Srebrenica

for them: "Perhaps they've all been borrowed." With some relief, she uncovers the leader's 1982 book of children's poems, called *There's a Miracle — There's no Miracle*. There is a poem called *War Shoes* (reprinted below), decorated with kids-style drawings of houses and clouds, with tanks and cannons blasting away merrily, all on a purple background. The shoes are waiting sleepily: if a foreign army should approach, the little readers have to defend

their playgrounds and picnic spots. Karadzic's 1971 poem, *Sarajevo*, presciently talks of the Bosnian capital burning, "like a mound of incense" and another from the same period urges spiritual catharsis through violence: "Let's go down to the cities/To beat up the bastards." It makes a neat rhyming couplet in Serbian. So is Karadzic's poetry his *Mein Kampf*? Like Hitler, he is a frustrated artist, whose belief in his own gifts was never shared by his peers. Just as Hitler hated Vienna, Karadzic was an outsider, a Montenegrin, who despised a city — Sarajevo — which failed to acclaim him. In a revealing remark to an interviewer, Karadzic's wife, Lilijana complained: "They say in the West that Radovan wanted to destroy Sarajevo in revenge because he was marginalised as a Montenegrin at parties." The Sarajevo in flames poem was not a state-

ment of intent: "It was just a moment of depression." Sarajevo is beginning to recover from the 43-month destruction unleashed by its adopted son. Many of the ruined buildings are being knocked down or propped up. The places the young Karadzic used to frequent are reopening. Vladimir Srebrov, founding leader of the Serb Democratic Party (SDS) until he was ousted by his former friend, joined me at one of their old haunts, a restaurant on the River Miljacka, to speculate how Karadzic embarked on the road which led to Thursday's arrest warrant. "War criminal somehow sounds too important," Srebrov said. "In the seventies, when he came to the Writers' Association, he was a nobody. People laughed at him and his poetry. He would dress like a parrot. Lots of loud clashing colours, red, yellow... like a parrot. Now it's all different. He has expensive suits. Someone has given him style." The Sarajevo building where the Karadzic family lived before the war (once imposing, now a sad relic of the Austro-Hungarian empire) was hit 10 times but is still in one piece. The family flat was hit twice. The man who knew the young Karadzic best, Marko Vesovic, lives around the corner. When they arrived in Sarajevo in the early sixties they were both 20, with Montenegrin village dust on their shoes, hoping to make a name for themselves — Vesovic as a writer and essayist, Karadzic as a psychiatrist and poet. The physical resemblance between the two is striking: they share a looming physique, a rectangular face and

He was a nobody. People laughed at him and his poetry. He would dress like a parrot. Now someone has given him style

the same luxuriant greying hair. But Vesovic dismisses as too glib the theory that Karadzic's poems signal his later destructive fervour. "He was never a good enough poet to have a voice of his own. He would just adopt the style of those around him. All this darkness in the poetry is just borrowed. This is a man of clay. He could be modelled by whoever wanted to." The most malign influence in Vesovic's eyes (he is your typical unreconstructed Balkan man) was Lilijana. "It was a shotgun wedding. He got her pregnant and was running around town in fear of her father. The Karadzic I knew before never really cared about money. For both of us, writing was the only important thing. But then she got her claws into him. In the end, all he could talk about was making money." Socialist Yugoslavia offered its doctors few legal means to get rich. But there were plenty of illegal ways, and Dr Karadzic appears to have ventured down most of them. "It was well known that his psychiatric diagnoses were for sale. He would sell them to criminals to get lighter sentences at their trials. That's how he ended up with such good contacts in the criminal world," Vesovic says. Many believe they helped Karadzic to slip out of the city when the fighting started. One of his neighbours, Fatima Jahic, recalls going to ask for a diagnosis for her alcoholic husband to get him into a sanatorium. "He told me it would cost 300 German marks. I said I didn't have that kind of money. Later he came and said he would give us the note anyway, since we were neighbours. But when I took it to the management board of my husband's firm, they threw it out. They said we've seen hundreds of these — you don't expect us to believe anything from a man like Karadzic, do you?"

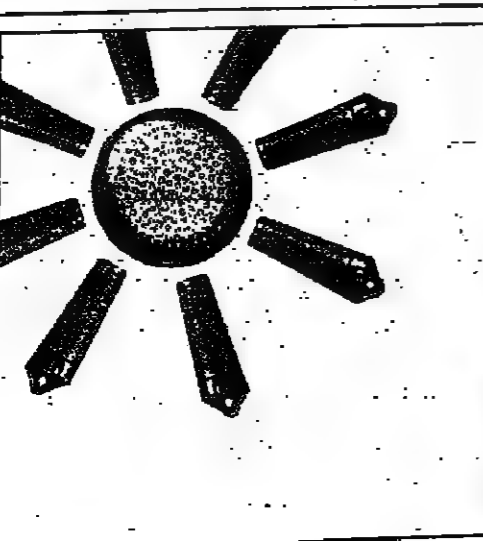
War Shoes by Karadzic, the poet

from Karadzic's 1982 children's collection, *There's a Miracle — There's no Miracle*

When you put on heavy shoes
Brave cloge
Man's boots, war shoes
Unthinkingly you simply
Grab a rifle
And you set off
Down the muddy road.

When time comes for the gun-barrels to speak
Days of heroism, nights of chivalry,
When the foreign army floods the country
Causing destruction and misdeeds
The situation has to be dealt with
Then you cruise your homeland by foot
So your shoes are fighting alongside you
In war, they are worth much to you
For you to play a shining role

continued on page 13



HEAL'S
SUMMER SALE
ENDS 11 JULY

TOTTENHAM CAT RD W1
KINGSTON SW20
LUNSWATE SALFORD

Change the world

IT WAS A great day in Brixton. It was a great day in the Square. And a great day for celebrating how ordinary people and ordinary protest can make a great difference. President Nelson Mandela said it clearly and simply:

"One of the striking features of modern times is the number of men and women all over the globe, in all continents, who fight oppression of human rights..."

"Many communities in the world now have been able to solve their problems because of the efforts of those men and women who have vision, who have courage to stand for the truth and who are prepared to suffer for it."

Of course, those who really suffered for the truth in the long years of darkness were not the demonstrators who stood outside South Africa House. They were the black leaders — notably Mr Mandela — and rank and file who were shot at, beaten, jailed, tortured and murdered by a brutal regime, or who risked their lives in the liberation struggle. Yet international protest did make a colossal difference, whether it came from Fenner

Brockway or the thousands with Free Mandela badges. It put complacent governments on the defensive and obliged greedy businesses to worry about adverse publicity. It created historical facts, as Mr Mandela puts it, "in which the ordinary folk throughout the world have participated and shaped".

The general enthusiasm for Mr Mandela's visit does not imply any illusions about South Africa's difficult future nor unquestioning confidence in his own powers of leadership or of those who will soon succeed him. And for the visit to be a success, he needs to take back to South Africa not just the echo of popular applause but the hard ring of cash investment. Neither should we conclude that popular mobilisation is easy or an automatic response to injustice. Mr Mandela — speaking on Thursday in Westminster Hall — recalled the slow pace with which change had come to the African continent. He spoke of the blemishes of the past, of the Jeremiahs looking for failure. He warned of the enormous disparities in wealth, income and opportunities which South Africa has inherited from the past — and which face large numbers of people elsewhere in the Third World. He invoked the cries of despair from Rwanda and the "instinctive reaction... to close our eyes and ears".

Mr Mandela is generous about the British eyes and ears which were kept closed during his captivity, saying that bygone should be bygone. For the most part it has been left to our sketch-writers to enjoy the spectacle of Mr Mandela being feted by those who used to denounce the ANC as a terrorist organisation and who opposed effective sanctions

with such ferocity. By coincidence it is exactly 10 years since Geoffrey Howe, then Margaret Thatcher's foreign secretary, was dispatched to South Africa in an absurd effort to deflect the Commonwealth call for sanctions. His boss said that European sanctions would be "utterly repugnant" — and Mr Mandela refused to meet him on Robben Island. This merits more than a wry aside: as Hugo Young has observed in the Guardian, it constituted a special crime against Mr Mandela's cause. Most of us would pay dearly to have heard his conversation with Lady Thatcher — though no doubt he was courteous, as always.

Yet the lesson of Mr Mandela's visit is not about what was not done before. It is about what remains to be done in the future. Yesterday's wild enthusiasm in Brixton evokes hard facts of racial inequality as they exist in London, not in Johannesburg. Living conditions may be superior, but for too many here prospects of employment are hardly any better. How many of the black children who see Mr Mandela as their role model will have a chance to act it out?

The greatest provocation to irony lies not in the realm of history but right now across the Irish Sea. Mr Mandela, supported by countless black and white South Africans, is tackling problems of divided communities just as intractable and on a far larger scale. South Africa may have a long way to go but, on the evidence of Portadown and Londonderry, Northern Ireland has further still. Mr Mandela speaks for everyone, there and here, when he calls for the making of a more humane world and the birth of a new universal order.

Winning formulas

DAMON HILL'S impressive lead in the Formula One standings — which may be improved at Silverstone tomorrow — is surpassed only by Britain's astonishing dominance in the construction of cars and components for racing cars all over the world. If we knew why the Oxford corridor has become the Silicon Valley of world motor sport we might be better able to help other industries, like films and computers, which have striking similarities to motor sport. It is extraordinary that Britain has proved so good at (medium-tech) large-scale motor manufacturing that the entire industry is now in foreign ownership yet the (high-tech) sector of motor sport has become a £1.3 billion industry employing over 50,000 people in which Britain dominates the world. Why?

This week's report by the IPPR think-tank ("Playing to Win") lists reasons for the success ranging from the existence of dozens of redundant airfields after the war to the rise of a network of club race-car enthusiasts. Rule changes in 1958, reducing the race distances, coupled with mandatory use of aviation fuel, were advantageous to the army of club constructors who by then were developing a superior understanding of road holding. They were helped by recruits from the declining aeronautical industry (a Grand Prix car is often described as an aeroplane upside down). The creative genius of British engineers

flourished in an environment of small firms operating in highly competitive conditions — the best training in technical management in the world according to the IPPR.

It finds striking parallels with the origins of Silicon Valley during the 1970s where pioneers benefited from membership of self-help clubs motivated by engineering rather than economic motives. But why did the cluster of potentially world-beating British computer companies in the early 1980s (Sinclair, Dragon, the BBC etc) fall by the wayside while motor sport swept all before it? One reason is that UK computer companies developed their own exclusive technical standards (expecting the rest of the world to fall into line) while the racing industry adopted an open approach with interchange of engines and components.

There are lessons. One is to ensure people have the right skills to enable industries like these to develop; the second, as the IPPR stresses, is for the Government to introduce regulations to ensure that more of the breakthroughs made by racing cars (like energy-absorbent foams employed in head restraints and fuel efficiency) are incorporated into production cars. The third is to do more research into the success of Formula One to see whether it is possible to copy their business environment elsewhere. The most obvious candidate is the British film industry. We have some of the best writers, directors, actors, technicians and video editors in the world yet they mainly work for American companies or are financed by American money. What they could learn from Grand Prix would make a good film in itself.

With Islamists in power in Turkey and Netanyahu elected in Israel, will the shaky Middle East peace prevail, asks MARTIN WOOLLACOTT. Illustration by PETER TILL

All quiet on the politico religious front

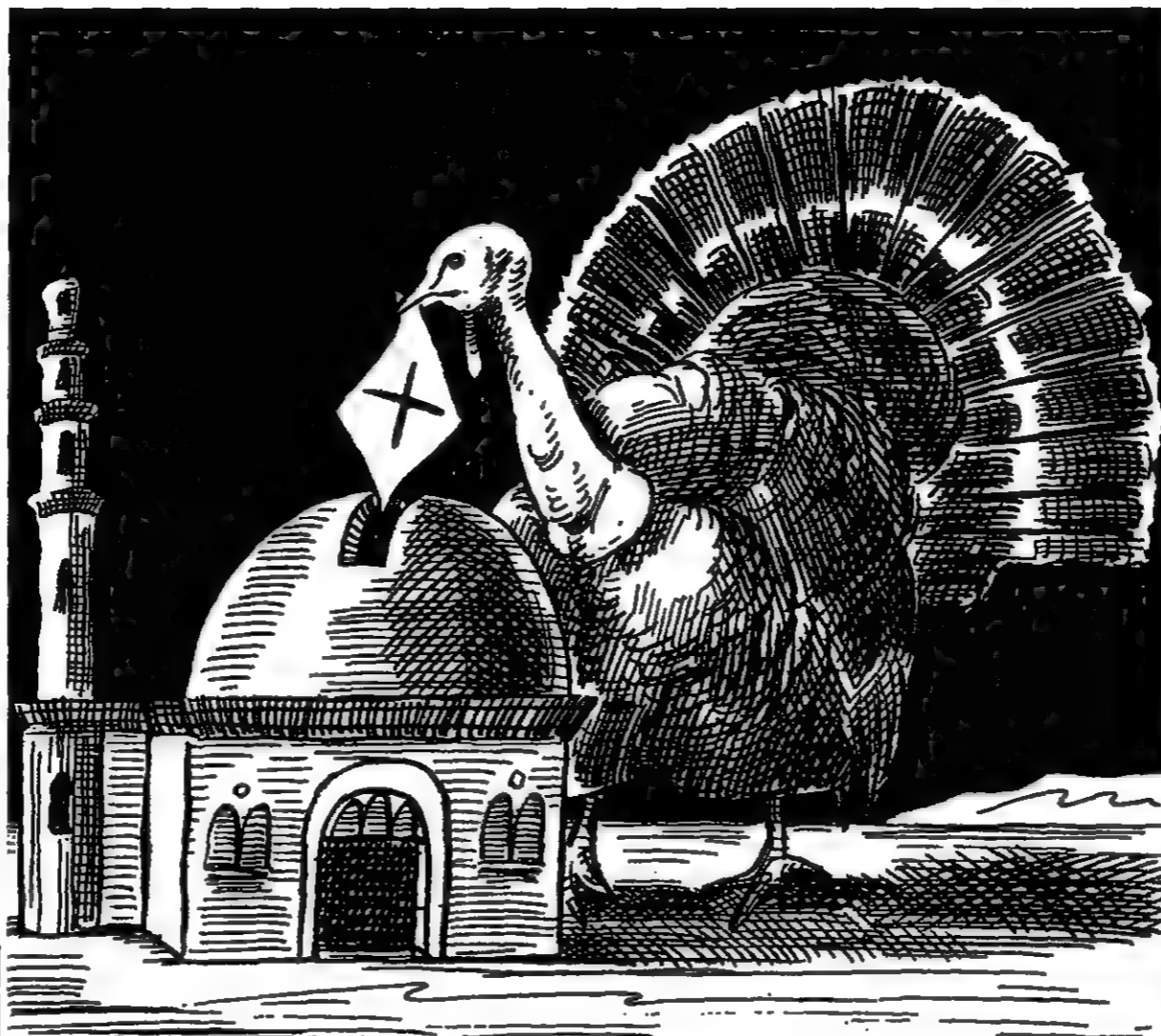
REFAH, Turkey's Islamist party, would never achieve power, sophisticated Turks used to argue reassuringly. The secular parties, commanding a majority of the popular vote, would keep them out. But, as it turns out, they have not done so, and Refah is indeed in power, the stronger partner in a coalition with one of those same secular parties. A year or so ago such a development would have been seen as automatically threatening, and instantly connected with bombs in Saudi Arabia, alleged plotting in Bahrain, and the conflict in Algeria, to produce a pattern of Islamist advance. But what Professor Fred Halliday, in his extremely sensible book of the same name, calls the "myth of confrontation" has waned. No great collision of West and East impends on religious lines. Iran and the United States continue to spar, the Americas driven in part by electoral motives. Israel fights Hamas and Hizbollah. Algeria is a tragedy that has become a steady routine.

But the Middle East is too diverse and its various Islamist movements too different in character and achievement to paint a picture of an international Islamist campaign. The Islamist movements bring dangers, but it is also true that old rivalries and interests are often painted over in Islamist versus secularist colours. On the other hand, Benja-

min Netanyahu's election has almost certainly set the scene for a period of more hostile manoeuvring in the Middle East that will increase the pressures on governments and endanger existing political deals. These include that between Israel and the Palestinians, between Israel and Egypt, between the United States and Saudi Arabia, that which continues to isolate Iraq, and that between many parties, including Iraq, which protects the Kurds in northern Iraq.

This is the post-Gulf war patchwork of both formal and informal agreements, very imperfect, particularly in reinforcing the impasse over Iraq and offering no way to end Iran's exclusion. But nevertheless they are what we have and are better than nothing. The general impetus toward settlement has been checked, and the question now is not how much further things can be taken but what could unravel. The fabric of acquired agreements is threatened not by any clear cut conflict but by the lurking back and forth of governments as they cope with the fact that some of their objectives are incompatible with each other.

What was clear on the campaign trail is not at all clear in office. It is an indication of how murky the scene is becoming that some Generalists on Turkey believe that new Turkish-Israeli defence co-operation arrangements — allegedly for air force training but



in fact designed to frighten Syria — and encouraged by the United States, will survive a Refah government. Certainly, Refah faces a choice between its anti-Israeli line and its harsh approach to the Kurdish insurgency in south-eastern Turkey. Refah is in direct rivalry with the rebel PKK, the Kurdish Workers Party, for the support of Kurds in south-eastern Turkey. The Israeli-Turkish air arrangements put pressure on Hafes Assad to moderate his support for the PKK. Thus Refah may decide that, for a time, the principle that "My enemy's enemy is my friend" works for Israel rather than for Syria.

There is a larger choice. America's increased interest in Turkey, related both to Washington's Middle Eastern and Central Asian objectives, gives Turkey advantages — a general leverage over Europe, a role in Bosnia, help in the Caucasus and in the new Turkic states. Refah, in any case mindful of the interests of the armed forces which have always valued it, can hardly wholly repudiate the American connection. Such is the complicated nature of regional politics that a "pure" Islamist programme would be hardly possible even if Refah was in government alone, just as

Netanyahu is finding that a "pure" Likud programme in Israel belongs to the realm of fantasy rather than practical politics. The fact that recent changes in the Middle East are ambiguous does not mean they may not be dangerous. What is true internationally is also true internally. In Turkey itself, Refah's arrival in government represents a breakthrough that could lead on to fresh Islamist triumphs. Or it could reverse Turkey's three political and produce counter-vailing social democratic forces capable of a vigorous contest.

The particular challenge Refah poses is that it is a social party, as well as a party. Its advance has involved a very effective marriage between the interests of the lower middle class in Turkey, particularly the Turkey of provincial towns and bleak big city suburbs, and religious education and the religious establishment. The expansion of mosques has offered jobs and created an ever-growing cadre, which has then moved in on other sectors, including government service. The lower middle class, previously easily outflanked by a more

Westernised upper middle stratum tending to take up most of the best jobs in all sectors, has been given an interest and a purpose. In government, and holding several social policy ministries, Refah will be in a position to extend its social base. Refah's roots lie a long way back in Turkish politics, to the time when Necmettin Erbakan first challenged the Turkish establishment as a champion of the small business and artisanal class. This connection is vigorous to this day and accounts for Refah's hostility toward the customs union with Europe, welcomed by less vulnerable parts of Turkish business.

Refah is the direct descendant of Erbakan's National Order Party, which became the National Salvation Party and which went into coalition, as the junior partner, with Bulent Ecevit and the Republican Peoples Party in 1974. In a year dominated by the Cyprus conflict, Erbakan's party left little Islamic mark. The gates to Islamisation were opened instead by the Army after 1980, which encouraged Islamic initiatives as a counter-balance to the left. The main secular parties were later either in favour or did nothing to reverse the trend.

The danger of Refah is its technique of social and political colonisation. Like other Islamist parties, it tends to see the democratic contest as fluid, not as a never-ending process of alternation and change. It imagines politics as a process of conquest in which gains are never given up and the ultimate aim is the Islamic transformation of Turkey and of the whole Muslim world. The party is still on a rising curve, as recent municipal votes have shown.

Turkey needed a government, after almost nine months of inaction. The theory, of course, is that once in power, Refah will have to make its compromises, disappoint some or perhaps all of its supporters, and will lose momentum. But in the end, such a movement can only be opposed by parties which themselves have strong grass roots support, and which are not just coalitions of powerful interests and individuals which make a token effort to get popular support at election time. In many Anatolian towns, the Refah office is the only active political centre. The Turkish party system, although often remodelled and re-labelled, is in an Italian state of decline. Until that changes, Refah will not be easily confronted.

Last laugh to funny old Ted

Rattling the bars



Ian Aitken

THE right wing of the Conservative Party, people like Julian Amery and John Birt, used to be known for their opinions with a certain gaiety and élan. Not so their successors on the Tory right as they demonstrated again this week with their reaction to Ted Heath's 80th birthday celebrations.

Ravily can the Daily Telegraph have written such a vilely incoherent article about the birthday of a former Conservative prime minister. Its poisonous pay-off line was to wish Sir Edward a happy birthday, on the grounds that happiness was what "appears to have eluded him".

Oh yeah! Who says so? Who ever wrote the piece establishes conclusively that they scarcely know Ted at all. Heath's capacity for laughter and fun are familiar to all his friends. As to happiness, he has drawn it in limitless quantities from his music.

However, the Telegraph did at least refrain from questioning Ted's musicianship. Not so some of his other right-wing critics, a few of whom are even prepared to deny his abilities as both pianist and conductor.

They are wrong about that, too. I was once present at a supper party where another guest was Maura Lympany, the distinguished concert pianist. Dame Maura, a delightfully bubbly lady, asked Ted — who was then Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition — what he had been up to.

Ted didn't launch into a tedious account of his political activities. He knew she meant his musical activities. So he told her he'd been to Aldeburgh to hear Richter play a Mozart sonata. Interested, Dame Maura asked how he'd played it.

"Very strangely," said Ted. "Rather square and jagged." "Oh, really," said Ms Lympany. "Show us what you mean." So Ted got up, walked

over to his vast piano, and proceeded to play the piece from memory as he thought Richter had performed it. Sure enough, it was strange, square and jagged.

"Extraordinary," said Ms Lympany. "But how would you play it, Ted." So Ted started again, this time in smooth legato style. While he tinkled away, Ms Lympany drew up a chair and began to play too.

When she mischievously began to work up the pace, Ted kept up surprisingly well. But eventually it was too fast even for a Balliol organ scholar. So he threw up his hands in surrender, and both of them collapsed into gales of delighted laughter.

This established three things in my mind: first that Ted Heath is a fine musician; second, that he has excellent keyboard technique; and third, that he has a more than normal capacity for laughter and fun. So there.

A BRIEF visit to Brussels last week has convinced this columnist, at least, that one of the best things to happen to the European Parliament is the election of Pauline Green as leader of the Socialist group — the largest in the parliament. She has brought a breath of forthright Anglo-Saxon realism to what has too often been a place of unrelieved tedium.

Last week's session heard a report from the Italian prime minister on the Florence Euro-summit. According to him, the meeting had been a triumph for the Italian president, even solving the mad cow crisis.

In the vulgar old House of Commons, such claims would have been greeted with mocking laughter. They were heard in respectful silence in Brussels, until Ms Green stood up.

Was this, she enquired, the same summit she and the rest of the parliament had read about, the one that had solved virtually nothing, least of all the BSE crisis or the Union's massive unemployment problem? Her audience was delighted, and applauded vigorously. But it didn't rate a line in the papers.

Private Eye reports that Jack Straw has a job to do: birthday thrash at the Inner Temple with his old pal, the mega-rich British Airways chief Robert Ayling. It failed to mention that the most-festive guest was one John Redwood. I recommend watching Mr Straw's eyes in future; if they start to revolve, take to the hills.

Smallweed



DISSENTING element inside Radio Four, roared beyond endurance by John Birt's latest plans to smash up the wireless types' management structure and put TV and

junk-radio chieftains in charge, is thinking the unthinkable: a mass dash for the freedom of the independent sector. The two huge hurdles to a private version of Radio Four — the colossal expense and the unspeakable awfulness of on-air advertising — are no longer thought insurmountable. A "college" of corporate sponsors. It is believed, would be prepared to bankroll the General Radio Service (the working name) in return for little more than discreet mentions at the beginning and the end of the day's broadcasting and, of course, the rights to use the station's logo on company literature.

One man thought to have the clout to assemble such a supporters' club is Lord Hanson, the industrial tycoon with his very own light programme, Melody Radio. Whether Hanson

would be interested in the project has yet to be established, but his business genius, known reverence for tradition, and proven interest in broadcasting, all make the Baron an irresistible target for the plotters. Inside Radio Four, mainstream opinion still thinks the most likely reaction to Birt's cultural revolution will involve the defections to the independent network of individual programmes, as happened with Gardeners' Question Time in early 1994. Even so, the long-term outlook on Four would appear to be for gales and storms in all areas.

OXFORD, home of extraordinary feuds (extraordinary, that is, in anyone from out of town), has just witnessed one of the weirdest. Out of this World, the super-green, caring and

sharing supermarket chain, descended on the Cowley Road in the east of the city, where it planned to open its latest branch. But it had counted without the stiff opposition of an old-established neighbouring wholefood store, which feared the big-brother arrival would drive it out of business.

How volatile were my greens: they whipped up such a storm that Out — finding itself in the unfamiliar and uncomfortable position of being a capitalistic hate-target — beat a retreat. Given that the wholefood movement has been in serious decline for some years, one may have expected its members to cling together. "I suppose it's understandable," said Richard Adams of Out. Somehow we think Tesco or Sainsbury's would have been rather less understanding.

THE process whereby the selectors of South-end West decided to give sanctuary to Mr Basil-John Amess, David Amess (he wisely fled the New Town when he twigged its voters may decline to return him at the next election) has thrown up one of those stories whose veracity can be judged only by careful application of the "Even the Tories" acid test (as in "Even the Tories wouldn't put up taxes when they said they wouldn't").

Apparently, one of Mr Amess's rivals for the candidacy was black. "Where are you from?" asked an incredulous lady panelist. "South-end," replied the aspirant. "But where were you born?" "South-end." "But where were you born before that?"

A WARM welcome house for the longest-running debate in the

history of the public-library service: "Agatha Christie on the rates", or, in its latest incarnation, Jeffrey Archer on the Council Tax. Former Virago chairman Carmen Calli mounted BBC Radio's Soapbox on Monday to demand the end of free borrowings of Lord Archer's opus; instead, readers would pay a small charge for withdrawals of Archer-type best-sellers to cross-subsidise the library service's real job, the lending of gratis proper books. Smallweed wonders whether the proposed Archer Surcharge will feature in Virginia Bottomley's much-dreaded proposals to increase private-sector "involvement" in the library service.

In May, we plundered Don Patterson's Nil Nil (Faber 1993) for a poetic foretaste of the sort of library (the worst) that free

enterprise may inflict on us: volumes, you remember, included 16 RPM — a Selective Discography, and Urine — The Water of Life. We are offering a bottle of finest French fizz for the best names of three more quite useless books from the shelves of a privatised Bottomley library. To get the ball rolling, and to keep himself in the running, Smallweed suggests Form as Long as Your Arm: The Complete History of the Zambia — An Investors' Guide, and the BOAC timetable for Spring 1970.

JOHN MAJOR may have been too busy trying to be snatched with President Mandela to keep his eye on the ball in Northern Ireland, but one Brit definitely won't be cheering Saint Nelson's autograph. During the South African

leader's last visit to Westminster, the Independent's lobby man, Colin Brown, waited for him outside a meeting room. As the great man emerged, he spotted Brown's notebook and, instinctively, seized it — to sign. "I'm a reporter, not an autograph-hunter," cried a professionally-wounded Brown, seizing it back.

AND a final word on that BBC breakfast radio market. Should home transmission prove a success, there is a long-term goal of approaching the Foreign Office and tendering for the £160 million annual World Service grant. Given current Whitehall dissatisfactions with John Birt's plans for Bush House, they may have every chance of success.

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Zealot, informer and coward

Continued from page 13

Karadzic has always insisted he was a political prisoner in the mid-eighties for his nationalist beliefs. He spent 11 months in custody, being investigated for committing the manager of a state firm to divert construction materials for his summer house in Pale. The two falsified invoices to tap extra money from the company.

The manager was Momcilo Krajinik, now "parliamentary speaker" in the Bosnian Serb assembly. Ball was posted by a mutual friend, a Shakespearean scholar, Nikola Koljevic, who Karadzic later made his "vice-president". The Serb leadership clique now confronting Nato was bonded together by a scam. The ideology of ethnic hatred came later. Both Srebrov and Vesovic insist they never heard an anti-Muslim word from Karadzic's mouth before the nineties.

Vesovic maintains Karadzic was a Montenegrin nationalist rather than a Serb zealot: they are ethnic and linguistic cousins and there is a lively debate in Montenegro about whether its culture is a Serb offshoot or purely local. Karadzic seems to have had little doubt. "He was always telling me how we were a royal race. He had this theory that Montenegrins had a longer future than any other race and this was some sort of proof of their superiority. I just told him he was talking rubbish," Vesovic says.

So where did the murderous Serb chauvinism come from? Both Srebrov and Vesovic are adamant that the Serbian president, Slobodan Milosevic, piped this tune into Bosnia, and Karadzic — the ambitious Montenegrin eager to please — simply proved the most enthusiastic dancer.

They also believe he was an active informer for the Yugoslav secret police, Udba. Vesovic says Karadzic's acquaintances would frequently find themselves hauled in by police and confronted with anti-communist remarks they had made only in Karadzic's company. Vesovic broke off contacts with him in 1971, when he became convinced he was working for Udba. He related 10 years later because "I thought if I'm going to be spied on, it might as well be by another Montenegrin."

Vesovic and Srebrov speculate that Milosevic was able to use Karadzic to break up Bosnia because he had one hold over him — either from his obsessive gambling or womanising on his frequent trips to Belgrade. The Hague tribunal clearly shares the belief that Karadzic was Milosevic's man when war broke out. On Thursday, Claude Jorda, one of the tribunal judges, called for an investigation of the links between the men.

But for now, it is Karadzic who is the focus of the search for justice. (General Mladic is thought to be too heavily protected to be a worthwhile quarry.) Despite Nato's insistence, there are signs of tension beneath Pale's tranquillity. Karadzic has hired a team of Californian lawyers who have begun to sue Milosevic. "This is a dangerous game. Neither Mladic nor Milosevic have good reason to allow Karadzic to live long enough to testify. He must sense the odds are shifting against him. Smart local money is on him winding up dead in an 'accident'." A senior I-for officer has bet a case of champagne that Nato goes after Karadzic before the September 14 elections. But there is a long shot that the psychiatrist-poet-figure — not known for his physical courage — will drive out of those gates, up the road, and hand himself over for judgement.



Demeaning work... should waitresses dressed to arouse, like those above and below at School Dinners in London, be surprised if they bring out the beast in men?

CHRISTOPHER SPONSON

Stocking up on indignities

A gynaecologist was this week convicted of fondling a 'schoolgirl' waitress. EMMA COOK on the women who run the gauntlet of the gropers

O I O, O, O, about a group of bearded-up City boys, sweaty-faced, leery and impatient to be served. They thump their fists on the table as two waitresses teeter towards them, one blonde-haired the other auburn, both of them wearing impossibly short netball skirts, stockings and red suspenders.

"What would you like to drink, sir?" the blonde smiles curly, impeccably polite. She takes their orders and as she walks away provokes a crescendo of "Pfwwoars" and "Whey-heh-heys", along with another round of energetic fist-thumping.

"This is a relatively quiet night at School Dinners, the novelty restaurant in London where waitresses are required to look like cheeky St Trinian's girls and to cane their customers' bottoms if they misbehave. Angela, in her regulation school tie and Aertex shirt, stands at the bar surveying tonight's punters with a sort of weary acceptance.

"Generally they're quite well-behaved," she says. "Often the guys will drop their fork and ask you to bend over and pick it up, but it's up to you to tell them off. You don't have to be polite — I

always put them in their place."

Which is just what a 22-year-old waitress hoped to do when she recently gave evidence in court against a gynaecologist, Edward Shaxted, for indecent assault after he put his hand up her skirt. She too had to wear a school-like uniform at Joe's Diner in Northampton. But she wasn't prepared to put up with any overtures that went with it.

Consequently, Shaxted now has a two-year conditional charge on his record and faces being struck off as an NHS consultant. She says she followed the case through to the end to "give courage and incentive to other women in that position."

It's hard to know if the case will do much to curb other men who should know better, but it does highlight a grey area between supposedly "chivalrous" behaviour and straight sexual harassment. No waitress in the world would describe being groped as good, clean fun although what's unacceptable for one girl may be viewed as inevitable hazards of the job for another.

Rightly or wrongly, accepted codes of behaviour varied very much on the territory: a lewd remark in Harvey Nichols's fifth floor restaurant would provoke more outrage than at a School

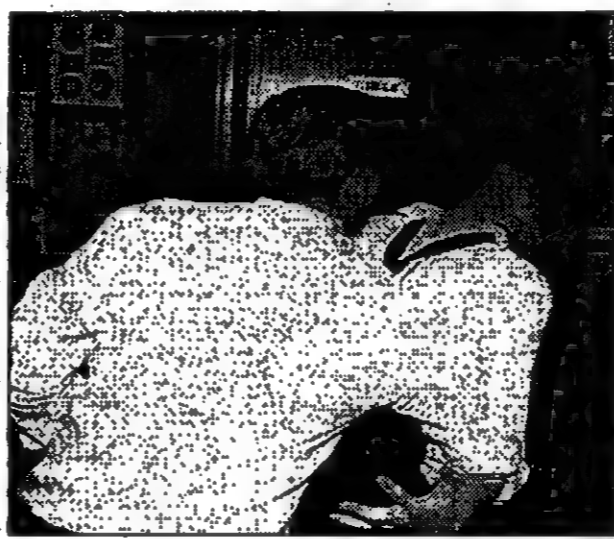
Dinners stag night. But that doesn't mean it's any less demeaning for those on the receiving end — there are just different ways of coping with it.

All the girls here are very broad-minded", says Helen, a School Dinners waitress. "It goes with the turf. Inevitably you're going to get groped at some stage but it's up to you to take control of the situation. One comment is usually enough to stop them doing it again."

On Angela's first night there last year, a lecherous banker put his hand up her skirt. "I just wasn't used to it at all. I turned round and punched him hard on the side of the head", she says. "I was so angry but I'm glad I got him — it made me feel a lot better."

Eight months later, she's more inured to that kind of treatment but always takes a firm line. "If they touch me I tell them in no uncertain terms: 'Don't do that again, and they don't. But if I behaved like that girl in the papers I'd be taking men to court every day."

A waitress next to her seemed truly mystified when I asked her if she ever feels compromised dressing up as a 15-year-old. "What do you mean?" she asks. "I'm boss and I'm always the one that gets the last laugh." As she totters off, came in hand,



towards a man bent over his chair waiting for his panty-styler punishment, you wonder if that can really be true.

Helen talks about the men with a sort of world-weary acceptance — pitying them but putting up with the rules of the game. "What's irritating is they actually think you should be flattered by their behaviour," she says. "But if you wear a short skirt, that's what you expect. If the girl in the news couldn't handle it then she shouldn't have been doing the job in the first place if you can't cope — go home," she says briskly.

It's a less than sympathetic view but one that's also shared by Alison, aged 25, who worked for several months at TGI Friday's, an American-themed restaurant where female staff wear red and white striped shirts, a hat, braces and black skirts.

"I think it's a very sad that a girl should have to take an incident like that to court.

Why couldn't she handle it herself? It's part of the business and you don't let anything happen that you don't want. It's up to you what you're prepared to take," she says.

But why should anyone have to take it at all? The answer, inevitably, is partly a financial one. Because waitresses receive such appalling basic pay, tips are all-important.

"Everyone I know wears shorter skirts — especially on Saturday nights — because you can guarantee better tips," says Alison. "I suppose you are slightly willing to compromise and I'm not as feminist about it as I know I should be. But unfortunately men tip and women don't."

Jane, aged 31, now a teacher, stopped waitressing in a smart London brasserie because she found this sort of power game unacceptable. One evening, she was complimented by a male customer

for having nice legs. Later on he went a step further, drunkenly offering her £20 to sit on his lap and then touching her bottom.

"I was picking up his plate at the time and just dropped it in his lap and walked off." She left her job the following week. "What I find so hateful is they always think you're fair game and that you haven't got a brain cell," she says. "The whole set-up is offensively lecherous."

When Louise, a film director, aged 30, worked as a cigarette girl at the chic London eatery Quaglin's she also felt compromised by the continual hassle from male diners. Her uniform was a black 1940s halter-neck dress with a corset. "I had to walk around and be part of the furnishings," she says. "You get some pretty revolting men approaching you and a few times, trying to kiss and put their arm round you. But it was part and parcel of the job."

What she began to find unbearable was the tedious predictability of the men's chat-up lines. "Every night I'd hear the same compliments over and over. Then when they knew you weren't game, they'd try it with other girls — with exactly the same opening lines. It made me very cynical."

Again it was the ambiguous relationship between the customer's spending power and the favours expected that made her feel uncomfortable.

"City boys were the worst: one night this silly bloke was impressing his friends by waving a wad of £50 notes at me. He kept saying if he could stick them down my cleavage, I could keep them."

It was a humiliating offer: that's when it was easy to compromise yourself. I didn't

do it but I couldn't help thinking, I'm here to make money — where's the harm?"

Louise admits that she did get a perverse kick out of staying in control and making a lot of money out of the situation. "I got paid very well — I knew exactly how to play it and how to make sure that they didn't get too out of order."

Alison also treated it as a bit of a game. "Basically most of the men were mugs. Some Arab guys once gave me £50 for taking my hat off so they could see my hair. They're the sad losers as far as I'm concerned."

As long as waitresses have to rely on tips and poor wages, it's unlikely that the relationship between staff and customers will ever be one based on mutual respect.

It doesn't help that the British and a few times, trying to kiss and put their arm round anyone in a servile position.

"It isn't just about sexism," says Louise. "Women are just as bad — clicking their fingers and talking down to you. It's a fundamental assumption that if you're waiting on someone, you're subservient and don't mind being treated like shit. People instantly dehumanise you."

Which is perhaps why the waitress from Northampton was so determined to prove her point.

It may not be one that will penetrate the psyche of the average city boy dining at Quag's but as Jane says: "At the end of the day, she's shown that waitresses are there to serve food, not to perform or act as some object of titillation."

The names of all women quoted in this article have been changed at their request.

Give Northern Ireland the Nelson touch and the people's voice



Martin Kettle

DOES Nelson Mandela do this to every country he visits, or does he only do it to us? As he surveys Paris today, is that city full of people who feel that his presence there is a sort of benediction upon their lives, the way so many Londoners have felt these last few days? I very much doubt it. However eminent the visitor to France, the French always convey the impression that the real privi-

leges in the encounter: is his and not theirs.

Here, this week, it has been very different. Wonderfully, everyone has been delighted by the simple fact that Mandela is here. There is no doubt that we are the ones who are illuminated and inspired by his presence, and not he by ours. I know that the first rule of reporting is never to quote a cabbie turned to me in a Mandela-induced gridlock this week and said, "It's great to see him, though, innit?" And he was right. It has been unforgettable.

Mandela's effect goes far beyond mere fame. Nor is his attraction that of a role model, although he is a source of hope for many. We are not drawn to him because of his and our history, poignant though these are. Mandela has an effect on people in this

country who don't know what British imperialism means and who would probably be in favour of it if they did. What matters about Mandela, amazingly, is his present rather than his past.

Undoubtedly he is a dangerous impulse in politics, which is a treacherous trade. And yet it is not merely our longing for heroes, important though that is, which enables Mandela to create the joyful scenes which have followed him around during his stay. He achieves it because, through a combination of his decency, his innocence, his suffering and his wisdom, he makes us optimistic again. He touches our better sides, our hope that the world does not have to be the way that it so often seems. If he can be like this, after his life, then what can we, who have not endured a hundredth,

of what he has known, not do? And yet the history, like the need for heroism, matters. It is indivisible from Mandela and from the way a lot of us see him. No one on the Left of a certain age can see Mandela on the balcony of South Africa House and not know that, in spite of all else, we were spot on about something.

Amid all the shattered hopes and talented illusions of the socialist cause, at least we were right about South Africa and the apologists for apartheid were wrong. For once, we are not the ones who have to be penitent before history, but it is a feature of right-wing culture, as opposed to that of the Left, that it never apologises for its crimes.

Just below the surface of Mandela's visit, there was a polite but firm attempt to settle some of these accounts, of which the South Africa

House appearance was the most highly charged. As a nation, though, we do not deserve Mandela's magnanimity.

The Trafalgar Square vigils were celebrated in every news bulletin, but protest in central London is now more heavily proscribed than ever. Lady Thatcher came to hear the big speech in Westminster Hall, but she does not apologise for her undeviating support for white rule. Brixton had a joyful and multi-racial day yesterday, but racism is still dead there or elsewhere in Britain.

Whatever Mandela has got it is needed more than ever in Northern Ireland right now. There are some who equate the liberation of South Africa's black majority with the achievement of peace in Ireland, as though in each case the solution lay in a simple remonstratory gesture by the imperial race, as a result of which happiness will reign and the deserts bloom again. That comparison is for the birds.

Nevertheless, it was hard this week not to be impressed by the extreme opposition of the messages from these two

lands in which Britain has played such a decisive part for so long and where despair reigned for so long.

From South Africa came hope, optimism, inclusiveness, old injustices set right, new ones asserted or indignantly suffered. It seems almost impossible that the same human race can simultaneously produce both these two conditions.

BUT it does, and we have got to examine whether it is possible to put the lessons of the one at the service of the other. The lesson for Northern Ireland is not to make facile and indefensible comparisons between black South Africans and Ulster Catholics. Sinn Féin is not the ANC, and Gerry Adams is certainly not Nelson Mandela. But that does not mean that it is impossible to deploy the strength and human goodness of the Mandela example and the Mandela message in order to prevent the situation in Northern Ireland sliding rapidly into a condition as di-

vided and dangerous as any since the early seventies.

We now know that Northern Ireland's problems cannot be solved by politicians acting alone. Whatever the political will of the party leaders who continue to gather, just for the all-party talks, their overriding problem is impotence. They are cornered by rules which make participation difficult — if the Ulster Volunteer Force murdered the taxi-driver in Lurgan this week the Progressive Unionist Party will have to be excluded from the talks along with Sinn Féin — and unable to act as anything more than figureheads.

The events this week have swept away the credibility of most of the middle-ground politicians while leaving the extremists positioned only to pursue sectarian demands. That's fine if you seek a sectarian solution, but not if you want a reconciliatory outcome of the kind which Mandela contrives to embody in South Africa and most people would like to see in Ireland. The missing voices in Northern Ireland are those of the people. And the missing levers too. No politician, not

even Mary Robinson, has managed to bridge the communities. Yet it is with those whom Nelson Mandela endearingly still calls "the masses" that the only hope of a conciliatory solution lies.

Every poll in Northern Ireland indicates massive cross-community rejection of sectarian solutions. Periodic popular upsurges, like the Peace People 20 years ago, the peace-celebration rallies of last year, and even the crowds which flocked to see Bill Clinton during the winter, all testify to an unexploited and untapped force which has never achieved the political weight which its numbers imply.

In other political cultures, such popular upsurges have had the power to achieve change. Today, especially with global television coverage, such movements have a capacity to achieve fundamental change which no political party can emulate. Paradoxically, in the democracies, the most unexploited crowd is undiminished, as London saw yesterday. Ireland may lack a Mandela, it does not lack a rallying of good people who, inspired by his example, can bring a return of hope.

More Bosnian war crimes

YOU describe Martin Bell's article (Corridor of Interest, July 11) as a "passionate attack on British policy in Bosnia". I see it as a very mild criticism of that policy...

THE problem with the current peacekeeping procedures at the level of the UN is that they are too reactive. Once a conflict has been identified as requiring urgent action, there commences a cumbersome process of assembling a peacekeeping force...

Clocking into Eurotime

AS THE Europhobes wish to Annals the working-time directive - the 48-hour week - into yet another token measure to put the record straight...

There is more to life than watching sport. Read about it as well. Sport '96, free every Friday in the Guardian.

Sport '96, the new weekly 12-page magazine, includes features by the Guardian's award-winning sports writers...

MANY months before the fall of Srebrenica, I watched a television news report presented by Martin Bell as a mass grave in a Bosnian Serb village...

ONE year ago, the MSF team in Srebrenica saw 21 of their Bosnian colleagues "disappear" during the fall of that so-called safe area...

Only the Dutch government has made public the findings of its inquiry. However, it stopped short of naming those Bosnian Serbs (apart from Karadzic and Mladic) who carried out the killings...



Courts, cash and Christians

YOU report (Courts 'not using mental tests to save money', July 11) that magistrates' courts may not be as profitable as they seem...

THE Government congratulates itself on attracting a South Korean company to Wales (Welsh coup nets 3,000 jobs, July 11). It ought to be ashamed that it has reduced the people of Newport to a screwdriver community...

THE Government makes much of its success in attracting foreign investment into this country. Why can't it persuade British companies to invest in this country...

CONCERNING the letter from J M Farrington (July 10), the scriptures have always been interpreted in whatever sense happens to be convenient...

WISH only half of what Matthew Norman wrote about me (Diary, July 11) was true. I wish I was a millionaire. I wish even more I was a philosopher...

The state of Ireland

IF READERS outside of Northern Ireland find current events in the province "incomprehensible" (Leader, July 10) then perhaps a simple historic report would be of some use...

JUST where do unionists imagine their future to lie? Demographically their supremacy in the North of Ireland is in gradual decline...

RECENT articles have attempted to depict Ulster Protestants as bullies intimidating the Catholic minority. In fact, they are a threatened minority on an island shared with a nation which claims a legal right to their territory...

IT was inspiring to see George Orwell back on the front page (Orwell offered writers' blacklist, July 11). But I was sorry that you, a supposedly "liberal" paper, were attempting to hold him to views and actions that he never held...

IT is entirely reasonable that the behaviour of the British people to the Irish people should be described as "anti-Communist". Both books describe the onset of a totalitarian urge in human nature...

reassure Ulster Protestants that change would not involve a loss of their beliefs and traditions. They now find these traditions being threatened by everyone...

PICTURE (the scene): a country divided along religious lines, half and half Protestant and Catholic. Segregated schools, communities split into factions...

IMAGINE, in say 100-150 years time, that a few Bosnian Muslims had somehow returned to live in a part of Srebrenica that is today occupied by the Serbs...

INTERESTED to see Orwell's list of the untrustworthy. As Orwell was a well-known homophobe, I would expect that most would fall into the relevant homosexual category...

BERNARD Crick is a being suspiciously smooth. He asks what is new and why the Russ when his biography mentioned Orwell's "notebook of suspects"...

Another bunch of voters keen to take the rise out of their MPs

INSTEAD of these rather obscene pay increases for MPs and a review system linked to senior civil servants, I propose a system based on the "Forbes" much-wanted market forces...

TO ALLOW the Orange Order down the Ormeau Road is sick. In January 1993 sectarian gunmen shot dead five Catholics, one just 15 years-old...

DISPAIR of people like H M Keegan (Letters, July 10). If he would visit the province, he would find that most Ulster people deplore the violence...

LETTERS to the Editor may be faxed on 0171 837 4630 or sent by post to 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER...

A Country Diary MACHYNLETH. The forecast was for rain that would soon clear but, up in the high hills above Dinas Mawddwy...

Punctured

SIR George Young is concerned that a reduced car mileage allowance may place his life at risk (July 11). I suspect that the forced sacrifice of his Range Rover may still result in his exposure to the same physical, medical and psychological dangers...

THE leaders and committee chairmen in most large-to medium-sized local authorities wield more power, influence and responsibility than any backbench MP. Yet councillors are paid peanuts...

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Handwritten signature or note at the bottom of the page.

Nelson and 'Leroy' joined the Q at the Albert Hall. And before that, there were Basie and Pablo and Jacko and 26 Grammys...

Quincy is still playing it by ear

Interview by Dina Rabinovitch

NELSON Mandela didn't want a State Banquet, so he was given a concert instead: in the red and gold of the Albert Hall, on a night when the sun set huge and orange behind the building...

and he set off by himself, and he saw five girls sitting over by a table with a dude. So one of the girls looked at him and said: 'Let's go dance' - Marlon was a great dancer then, this was 1961 - so he goes out on the dance floor, and he's tearing it up, and he takes the girl back to the table and the dude's there with a toothpick in his mouth and his hat lowered, and he doesn't look too happy about this.

"So Marlon goes and sits down and sees the dude giving him cold stares, you know, and he's the only white dude in there. So he goes back over there, and he goes, look man, I just danced with the girl, no problems, I brought her back to the table and she was just having a little fun. The guy didn't even look up. He had his hat on and the toothpick, and he said: the name ain't man the name is Leroy. L.E.R.O.Y. It may be 45 years old, that story, but it still has them near off their chairs cracking up at the telling.

The big one, the really huge white guy with such pale skin and that moon-shaped face under the black glasses, he was the gate-crasher who came in with Jones, Marlon Brando, Or Leroy, as Jones and Masakela call him.

Leroy, why Leroy? Two hours before the concert, and the men, all hot off planes, are sitting down to platefuls of corn on the cob, fried chicken and watermelon. "He just called me this morning," said Jones.

"I pretended to be one of those guys from Paris Match, then I caught his voice, and I said, Leroy, that's Leroy. He just wanted to come and hang out, he's a Mandela man." And Jones remembers he hasn't got Brando a pass yet - Brando's in the building, though not a lot of people have realised, but with the heavy-duty security here tonight, he needs a pass like everybody else. Jones calls someone over: "I got passes for everyone except my daughter. I still need one for her. And Marlon Brando." The man thinks it's a joke.

Yes, but why Leroy? "Oh, Leroy's a nickname, old New York story, you don't want to go into that," Masakela's hooting with joy now, still managing his corn fine, though. "He, he," Masakela chortles in his smoke-charred voice, "you can't tell that Leroy name over. I get passes for everyone except my daughter. I still need one for her. And Marlon Brando." The man thinks it's a joke.

It only takes five minutes with these men - and five minutes is about as long as I get to see Brando before he disappears - to know that this is it. Real comradeship, men, tough men, who can call each other when things go wrong, with the women maybe, or the fame or the children.

Sidney Poitier introduced Brando to Jones a long time ago at the Birdland club in New York. So maybe it's the longevity, the stuff they've seen, the places they came from. Maybe it's the music.

Quincy Delight Jones makes the music happen. Owner of 26 Grammy awards, it's Jones who produced Michael Jackson's Thriller, the biggest-selling album of all time ("I haven't heard from Michael much lately," says Jones. "He's been busy, and I certainly have.") and Jones who wrote We Are The World - a sentiment which sold the biggest-selling single ever. When Buzz Aldrin stepped off the spaceship, he took the cassette of Fly Me To The Moon that Jones arranged and conducted for Count Basie and Frank Sinatra, and that's the first earth music ever to vibrate on that moon.

Tonight the music is big band. "Everybody's getting back to their roots, I tell you," says Jones. "I haven't had this much fun, man, since I worked with Sinatra and Basie, man." "Whoa," go Masakela and Jones together, and laugh again. "This is why we got in the business, man," says



Waxing lyrical... Jones produced the best-selling album (Thriller) and single (We Are The World) of all time ALLAN TITMUS

Jones. Really? I ask. Really as good as with Sinatra and Basie, because it never is, is it? "Oh yeah," says Jones. "With Tony Bennett, you kidding? Every time we were getting ready to make a record, Frank would say, well listen, let's see what Tony's been recording - maybe we'll use one of those."

People say Jones's address book is the best there is. "If you've been around long enough, you get to meet folk on the way," he says. He's had five relationships with women over that time, starting with Jeri when they were both 20, high-school sweethearts, and finishing, most recently with Nastassja Kinski, from whom he split last year, and with whom he had a child. But that's about all he's saying on this subject.

"Honey, I don't want to get into all that," he says, and it's serious. "I got seven kids with seven women over 43 years - that's it." Seven women? "No, seven children between, uh, five women, over 43 years. That's it." "Well, who're you sleeping with these days," Masakela says to me reprovingly, his open, merry face looking displeased. When I tell them though, they're choking on that corn again, wondering which planet I stepped off. Jones has six daughters and

one son. The son was born in London. "The morning we went in to have him, Lennon went in with a sleeping bag because Yoko was there. She lost the baby but my son was born on the same day in 1968. He was premature though, 14 weeks, we didn't know if he was going to live or not. He made it though - he's a big sucker now."

In the past, Jones's children

'I saw Picasso's independence, and ability to create into old age, do what he wanted to do. And I loved that'

he said he was a neglectful father. "It wasn't so bad," he says.

"I understand much more now about nurturing children, but I always loved my children. They know when you don't know what you're doing, they forgive that. The way I was raised, if you were able to eat every day, and had clothes on, and a roof over your head, you were being a

good father. We didn't understand words like nourishing and cholesterol and all that kind of stuff then. I don't think they knew about it in the thirties and forties."

Jones has come a long way from his childhood, South Side Chicago apartment slum, and a mother who was taken away from him and put in an asylum.

He's paid his dues. In 1974 he suffered two brain aneurysms and came close to death. In the eighties he had a nervous breakdown. Working too hard, people said. He doesn't suffer any depression or anxiety attacks now though, he says.

"After two brain operations, and a nervous breakdown, you have given it the office. It's enough," he says. And so being rich and famous, is it good? Is it over-rated? Does he like spending money on things? "You know, I don't think of it like that. I think of it as protecting you, so you aren't vulnerable to external stuff - that's what I like about it. I got my first message about that from Picasso (he worked in France in the fifties, across the street from Picasso).

"I saw his independence, and his ability to create into old age, do whatever he

wanted to do. And I loved that. That hasn't been normal circumstances for Afro-Americans, you know, so I like the idea of that very much. He had 12 little plants, and nobody forcing him to go in any direction except the way he wanted - he was independent. Only way to be. Somebody else is going to own it if you don't, right?"

"The only good of being famous is if you can help somebody," he says. "People were there for me, you know, Ray Charles. We used to have dreams. And we lived out a lot of the dreams."

But even tonight, as the crowds are beginning to throng outside the round concert hall, the mounted police moving into position, there are still bad things going on out there. "I think racism is at its worst ever," says Quincy Jones - and he's seen plenty. "Marlon said this to me, he said: 'After all the shit we went through in the fifties and sixties, I can't believe it's as bad as it is.' Especially young people, I can't understand that - young people have no reason at all to be into racism."

Maybe it's the music, I think later on, after hearing Masakela play. Maybe the kids just can't hear the music.

Fears that made Orwell sneak on his friends

MERWYN JONES argues for a long view of the writer's anti-Red actions

IT really so amazing that George Orwell, in his last years, was discreetly assisting government-funded propaganda agencies to fuel their attack on Communism and the Soviet Union?

Rule one for historians is always, and rightly, that such actions should be judged, not in the light of present-day attitudes, but as they appeared at the time. The author of 1984 would not have imagined that, by 1984, the Soviet Union would be dissolved into its component parts, and the West would be arranging financial blood-transfusions to a collapsing economy. Who, indeed, would have imagined it?

In 1948 and 1949, Communist power appeared to be on an offensive surge that could be stemmed only by vigorous - and, if need be, risky - action. Nor were Churchillians and reactionaries alone in taking that view. Bertrand Russell, later the sage of CND, proposed that the West should threaten to atom-bomb Moscow if Soviet nuclear weapons were not internationalised.

Aneurin Bevan urged the despatch of a tank force to break the blockade of Berlin. Michael Foot's Tribune proclaimed that the Communist coup in Prague had "confronted us with one of the great Rubicons of history."

But such men did not believe that the battle should be waged primarily - nor, if possible, at all - from the barrel of a gun. The problem was that, as Tribune put it: "Some are still gullied by the monstrous delusion that the Russians are the friends, not the enemies, of democratic Socialism." The delusion, therefore, had to be dispelled by enlightenment and argument. This was certainly what Orwell thought. It's less than amazing, therefore, to find him suggesting the names of writers and journalists who could be helpful.

So far, so good - perhaps - acceptable. What will stick in the democratic Socialist gullet is Orwell's willingness to point the finger at people who should be placed on a blacklist of "crypto-communists, fellow-travellers or inclined that way." Among them were such generally respected figures as Kingsley Martin, Sean O'Casey, Michael Redgrave and J B Priestley.

Can this part of the record be excused, or at least understood? The necessary context is not simply the frenzy of the 1940s cold war, but also the memory of Orwell's experiences in the thirties.

He had been in Spain during the civil war. As he recounted in his book Homage to Catalonia, Communist agents and KGB agents had been brutally trampling on the tender shoots of libertarian Socialism.

Kingsley Martin, as editor of the New Statesman, declined to publish Orwell's articles ("I probably underestimated the Communist atrocities," he explained in his memoirs). Vic-

tor Gollancz, heading the Left Book Club, rejected Homage to Catalonia. Five years later, when Orwell wrote his satire Animal Farm, he knew that it would be futile to submit it to Gollancz and in fact saw it rejected by publishers who thought it unwise to offend our Soviet ally.

Hence, Orwell had grounds for thinking that he was himself the victim of a blacklist. Fellow-travellers and conservatives were joining hands to exclude awkward, independent spirits on the Left who could be stigmatised as Trotskyists. The bitterness engendered by this treatment cannot be dismissed as paranoia.

Moreover, at a personal level these were unhappy years for Orwell, marked by failures and money anxieties, the death of his beloved first wife, and the beginnings of his fatal illness.

Then came the Cold War and the Soviet threat. Orwell saw the possibility of appeasement, a moral surrender, and ultimately the installation of a Communist-controlled regime in Britain. In his vision, it would be something like the



Orwell: believed himself victim of a blacklist

Vichy regime that kowtowed to Hitler in wartime France. This, or something like this, is the story. Had Orwell uttered his fears and warnings through the public channels that were open to him his action would even today be controversial, but defensible.

The worry is that he agreed to work through the covert, secretive so-called Information Research Department. The worry is that this was an agency of the British state and independence from the ramifying, oppressive State was an intrinsic part of the Orwell creed.

One more point needs to be made. All his life, as a handsome boy at Eton, as a rebellious police officer in Burma, as a novelist and publicist - Orwell had nursed a distaste for the sneek, the informer, the teacher's pet. Sure, there were people who had to be opposed and exposed. But it should be done openly, not in sealed memoranda.

In later years, no doubt, Orwell would have regretted the episode. Alas, for him there were no later years.

Merwyn Jones is a biographer of Michael Foot

He was a loner - kept his clichés to himself

Police reporting has evolved its own stilted lexicon which shows a criminal lack of imagination, says DUNCAN CAMPBELL

A COUPLE of years ago I was in Rickmansworth covering the murder of a car salesman who had been shot by a hit-man as he took his dog for a walk in the morning. The dead man had lived in a strange fortified house and seemed to have been expecting something.

There were a dozen or so reporters on the scene and everyone fanned out to see if any of the neighbours had anything to say. I walked down a path with another agency reporter and as we got to the front door I said: "I bet you a fiver they say, 'He kept himself to himself.'"

We rang the doorbell and a nice friendly woman came to the door. Had she known the victim? "Well," she said, "... he kept himself to himself." She seemed puzzled at our tasteless, stifled guffaws.

Keeping oneself to oneself has become one of the generic, part of the meaningless lexicon of crime. Kidnap victims, extortionists, IRA "sleepers", whoever, the chances are that, as far as their neighbours and publicans are concerned, "they kept themselves to themselves".



small town or a village where the chances of keeping anything - let alone yourself - to yourself are slim.

The victim, of course, could just have "been in the wrong place at the wrong time" like so many victims. For some reason, it is not enough to be in the wrong place at the right time or the right place at the wrong time, although as far as the dead person is concerned

the effect would, one imagines, have been exactly the same.

Keeping-himself-to-himself and being-in-the-wrong-place-at-the-wrong-time are now seen as part of the script which neighbours or police officers feel obliged to recite just as judges feel obliged to say "take him down" after a conviction. The equivalent for any transport or health and safety story, of course, is

"the accident waiting to happen". It is rare for there to be a disaster of any kind without someone popping up with the magic, prescient phrase. The list of inevitable expressions has now been added to: "He was a loner." Thomas Hamilton, who killed the children of Dunblane, was a loner. Of course he was.

But what does a loner mean? Essentially, that he "kept himself to himself" - which just takes us back to where we started. Hamilton's problem was that he was not a loner at all. He was the exact opposite. He wanted to run boys' clubs. He wanted to run Scout camps. He belonged to a gun club. He wrote peeved letters to everyone. He had his own business. Lots of people knew him. Some loner.

"Loner" is now becoming a handy handle, a neat way of saying that someone is "not like us". I used it to describe someone in a case a year or two back and was picked up on it by a friend, who said that he was someone who had been in the institution where he was employed, that it was a way of marginalising people who don't conform. There was a danger that if we kept using it as an insult, a synonym for weirdo, he suggested, people would start to believe that everyone who didn't "fit in" should be regarded with even greater suspicion than they already were.

This week we have been revisiting Fred West, someone who hardly "kept himself to himself" or could be described as a "loner". West reminded us that even people with the best covers - a wife, a big family, a job, a cheery relationship with the neighbours - can commit horrible crimes. It would be sad if that lesson were forgotten so quickly and if we started to look with renewed suspicion on the "loners" of this world.

Advertisement for 'Short Sleeved Shirt' with price reduction from £10 to £19 for 3 shirts. Includes a form for ordering and contact information for 'Town & Country Manner Ltd'.

MICHAEL BILLINGTON marvels at Richard Eyre's production of Ibsen's John Gabriel Borkman

Irony in the soul

ON paper, it looked like a... On stage, it is sensational. Richard Eyre's production of Ibsen's penultimate play, John Gabriel Borkman, at the National Theatre, combines emotional intensity with rare wit.

Paul Scofield's magnificent performance as Borkman is his finest since King Lear. Scofield presents us with a man who is a legend in his own mind. Confronted by visitors, he still plays the role of the great tycoon.

Paul Scofield's magnificent performance as Borkman is his finest since King Lear

But Ibsen's ironic vision extends to all the characters. Borkman's embittered wife, Guro, and her twin-sister, Ella, fight tooth and claw for emotional and physical possession of the former's son, Erhart, only to lose him to a seductive widow.

Erhart, in his bid for freedom, becomes the toy-boy of Mrs Wilton who will hand him on when she is good and ready to a bank-clerk's daughter. And even Foldal, the bank-clerk and aspiring tragic writer, finds that he is run over by a sleigh containing his fugitive daughter, a sign of Ibsen's black humour.

But Ibsen's greatness lies in his combination of Olympian irony and autobiographical pain. He himself guiltily secreted his life from the world. Borkman's cardinal sin is that he once traded Ella's love to become chairman of the bank.

Erhart, in his bid for freedom, becomes the toy-boy of Mrs Wilton who will hand him on when she is good and ready to a bank-clerk's daughter. And even Foldal, the bank-clerk and aspiring tragic writer, finds that he is run over by a sleigh containing his fugitive daughter, a sign of Ibsen's black humour.



Paul Scofield and Vanessa Redgrave... the perfect balance between Ibsenite irony and self-revelation

ter with a vase and clawing possessively at Erhart's body she has the desperation of the dying. But the most memorable image of Redgrave's performance comes in the last act when she sits, hunched and shivering in the snow, listening to Borkman's music.

duction is perfectly pitched: not least Michael Bryant's Foldal who is not some cringing lackey but a man as ennobled in a fantasy — that of being a tragic dramatist — every bit as potent as Borkman's.

My favourite songs that I've been involved with are the ones where you don't know whether they're happy or sad," concurs Marr. "Depression makes you feel empty, but melancholia or sadness is an emotion that actually fills you up and uplifts you."

ing at Victorian buildings. "It definitely has an effect on your psyche," he says. "Quite often, you want to be in that place. I suppose it's a poignant reminder of the fact that the pair didn't meet until the sixties. Both were young men with huge weights on their shoulders, Marr was (unfairly) blamed for the end of the Smiths, Sumner had never quite come to terms with the pressure of being a frontman, never mind a lyricist. He didn't want people to know what he was thinking. Hence, most New Order lyrics were notoriously ambiguous. Musically, Sumner and Marr bonded around eighties electro, the naive club sounds of which form an eerie backdrop to Raise The Pressure. Marr says there's a lot of them as teenagers on the album. Sumner, typically, disagrees.

History in the making

Radio

Anne Karpf

YOU CAN tell a lot about the present from the way it constructs the past. A new Radio 4 series, On This Day, takes us back to a daily news bulletin, made up of Path and British Movietone newsreels, archive interviews, magazine advertisements, and news stories read by modern actors.

dog's "waa-waa" — a word now superseded by "pee", except by those still in nappies. A woman protests about bread rationing by saying that the rich won't suffer, only the middle-class, the poor, and people with children, and you sense a shift in our use of class terms.

Though the series misleadingly splices together material from many different sources as if they were one, it's also enjoyable and brilliantly researched, having tracked down people involved in key news stories, sometimes matching them with archive material. As presenter Geoffrey Wheeler achieves the almost impossible, with a voice plummy enough to sound like a 1940s newsreader, and modern enough to fit in with the new interviewees.

The second half of Radio 4's Five in July series, Marcy Kahn's Everyones Comes to Schklgrubers, was — except for the peculiar staged interview with the author that preceded it — well worth listening to. In a very funny shaggy-dog story, Nathan Waterstone, an aspiring New York film-maker, learns from his Great Uncle Lou that Elmer's half-brother was a posty-maker in pre-war Vienna, and determines to track him down, to the disgust of his high-earning yuppie girlfriend. The joke, essentially, was that Schklgruber was interested in the momentous historical events initiated by his close kin: all he wanted was recognition for his sublime strudel.

One hesitates to call this Woody Allenesque, if only because Allen is often talked of as though he were the only comic Jew in New York, yet Kahn's hero — the knowing shlemiel — is straight out of the Allen canon (with a touch of Roth, too). Though some of the other characters tipped over into stereotypes, Kahn was well-served by Ned Chubb's pacy direction and a fine cast including Kerry Shale as Nathan and Lee Montague as Uncle Lou (with bit parts for Cyril Shaps and David Kossoff). She didn't put a foot wrong until the ending — a bit of a damp squib. Perhaps she didn't want it to finish, neither did I.

Bernard Sumner and Johnny Marr, two of the great icons of eighties pop, tell DAVE SIMPSON what keeps them going

Why two's company

BEFORE Fantasy Football, there was Fantasy Pop music, where adolescent pop obsessives would spend hours dreaming up line-ups for imaginary bands. In the eighties, any dream line-up would have included Bernard Sumner, casually angelic voice of dancefloor emotionalists New Order, and Johnny Marr, Smiths guitarist, whose pianissimo chords gave Morrissey's misty wailings the melodies to entrance a generation.

It's not a throwaway statement. The duo grew up in Manchester's hard inner cities of the sixties and seventies. The recent bombing reminded Marr how he was branded an "Irish pig" by classmates who equated being Irish with explosions. He can also remember sitting on buses in the rain, face pressed up against the window, staring at Victorian buildings.

"I think if we were the same people it'd be boring," says Sumner. "He's got the bits I lack and I've got the bits he lacks." Today, the pair prefer running round the block to running wild — a far cry from the halcyon years of New Order and the Smiths. Marr says: "If you give any 20-year-old a load of money they're gonna drink. I did it. Sumner's hedonism grew out of boredom and a fear of performance."

Both of them talk about how lucky they have been. Their next touring band includes musicians from the dole. "A lot of my friends are criminals," says Sumner. "They're not stupid people. It's just that there are no opportunities for them. Society's become divided into those who work and those who don't. And the Government won't allow you to live another way. If they're gonna bring in the Criminal Justice Act and forbid the travellers to live like that then they've got to provide employment and decent places to live." Now in their thirties, Marr and Sumner are perhaps unique in British pop in that their idealism seems purer than ever, while they've never resorted to flag-waving. Sumner's new lyrics are still ambiguous. But his sleeve-notes to the LP are anything but — a searing two-paragraph dissection of the education system and mass production.

Five years on, Electronic has released an intriguing new album. But their fantastic pop landscape has seen dark clouds on its horizon. Sumner has endured the collapse of Factory Records, the label with which he was associated with for 14 years with New Order/Joy Division and, probably, the demise of that group. The recording of the Order's last album, Republic, was, says Sumner, "intolerably stressful". Meanwhile, Marr has seemed a lost soul, holding down a part-time job with The The, while both have undergone unspecified personal difficulties.

Still, chirpily chatting on a Monday evening, both Marr and Sumner profess themselves delighted with the new record and personally happier than they've been for ages. Perhaps this is why the album Raise The Pressure sounds delightfully poised on the brink of both ecstasy and sadness. Or maybe there's more to it. A cruel irony surrounding Electronic is that, were it not for the death of Joy Division singer Ian Curtis, Sumner's voice would have remained unheard. Similarly, Marr's own achievements would always

be intertwined with the messy death of the Smiths. Perhaps this is why Electronic — whatever their mood of the moment — will always sound somehow both joyful and yet tragic. My favourite songs that I've been involved with are the ones where you don't know whether they're happy or sad," concurs Marr. "Depression makes you feel empty, but melancholia or sadness is an emotion that actually fills you up and uplifts you."

ing at Victorian buildings. "It definitely has an effect on your psyche," he says. "Quite often, you want to be in that place. I suppose it's a poignant reminder of the fact that the pair didn't meet until the sixties. Both were young men with huge weights on their shoulders, Marr was (unfairly) blamed for the end of the Smiths, Sumner had never quite come to terms with the pressure of being a frontman, never mind a lyricist. He didn't want people to know what he was thinking. Hence, most New Order lyrics were notoriously ambiguous. Musically, Sumner and Marr bonded around eighties electro, the naive club sounds of which form an eerie backdrop to Raise The Pressure. Marr says there's a lot of them as teenagers on the album. Sumner, typically, disagrees.



Bernard Sumner (left) and Johnny Marr... joyful yet tragic

Putting the man in Mandy

Television

Nancy Banks-Smith

OF COURSE, if you are a man called Mandy, it will come out in terrible tantrums. I blame the parents. John Wayne would not have felt the need to shoot all comers if, when the preacher said "Name this child," Mr and Mrs Morrison had not replied "Mardon".

ing. In one theatre, two patients were lying with opened chests waiting for the same donor heart while a gunman demanded, with a fusillade of bullets, that his brother should get it. In another, a surgeon was removing explosive bullets from a policeman. There was a particularly tense moment when the man's heart stopped and the surgeon had to restart it. ("Aaron, there's a bullet in there!" "Get back, Camille!" "Stop it, he'll explode!")

Mandy Patinkin, who plays Dr Geiger in Chicago Hope, (BBC1) was in a temper from the off. Alan, the little whispy one, was singing to his baby "Itty bitty spider up a water spout. Down came the rain and washed the spider out. Out came the sun... At this moment, Mandy snarled "The spider dies from melanoma because of the sun."

And guess what Dr Hancock said when, at the end, he was asked how he liked Chicago Hope so far? "In this human Penn and Judy show, Chris Penn was uniquely moving as the gunman. Do I really need to tell you where the donor heart first occurs from Chicago Hope? It started up again after a year like a stalled car with an exhilarating bang. Sky has already shown the first series and half the second."

Watch suave Dr Wattars reassuring two sets of worried relatives. "Unfortunately, your husband's donor heart has been kidnapped by a man with a gun. And, unfortunately, your son was shot with bullets that explode. We remain hopeful he won't blow up." The relatives stared at him open-mouthed. "We will," he added wildly "keep you appraised," and ran like a rabbit.

By the way, for Alan and all animal lovers, spiders don't catch melanoma. At least not if the melanoma sees it coming. Meanwhile back in Savannah (ITV) Reece, Peyton and Lane are giving each other big hugs. Communal hugs occur from a boat with bullets that explode. The Golden Girls have got it down to a fine art but, remember, they have been doing it for years. Do not try triple hugs yourself at home. You may smother the littlest one between your bosoms.

Review

DANCE

Rambert / Quicksilver Coliseum

RAMBERT Dance Company are celebrating their 70th birthday and director Christopher Bruce has given them two presents. The first is a season at The Coliseum — a venue massively grander than the tiny Mercury Theatre where Ballet Rambert modestly began. The second is his new work Quicksilver — a tribute to the company's founder Marie Rambert. Quicksilver was Marie's nursery nickname and one of the recurring images in Bruce's work is the straw hat with which she was photographed aged 10. It's a hat which she was forbidden to wear but which she insisted on clutching in her hand, and the maulish expression captured on her face vividly prefigures the judgemental determination with which she later willed her company to survive.

gowns acquire a sudden restraint, while men in tartan waistcoats and spidery don't catch melanoma. At least not if the melanoma sees it coming. Meanwhile back in Savannah (ITV) Reece, Peyton and Lane are giving each other big hugs. Communal hugs occur from a boat with bullets that explode. The Golden Girls have got it down to a fine art but, remember, they have been doing it for years. Do not try triple hugs yourself at home. You may smother the littlest one between your bosoms.

OPERA

Alzira Royal Opera House

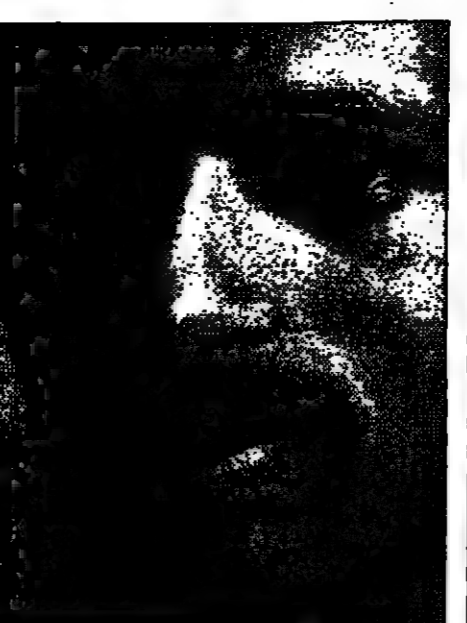
SCHOLARS disparage the rarely performed Alzira, Verdi's 1845 Voltairre-based operetta set in 16th century Peru, but this one-off concert performance was a cracker. True, Alzira contains no moment where the clouds part to reveal gleaming glimpses of Verdi's treasures to come. But there are two ambitious finales, some highly imaginative orchestration and a terse expressive aria each for each of the lovers.

with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment rather than the resident orchestra. Elder did miracles with this problematic piece, and the playing, in the orchestra and the on-stage band, was vivid and earthy. As Alzira, the Chilean Veronica Villarroel sang at times to be making the most exciting soprano Covent Garden debut since Cotrubas a quarter of a century ago. Her big, forward tone has an almost Callas-style drama, and she commands a phrase with immediacy. Keith Ingham-Purdy gave his impressive all in the tenor role of Zamora. Sofia Coliban's baritone was dramatic too, but with too much in-your-face vibrato. Alexander Agache, a veteran by comparison, got better and better as the governor Gusmano. This was just what the Verdi festival should be about: committed playing and singing of a neglected but fascinating work. Don't miss it on Radio 3 next Tuesday. Martin Kettle

سكنا من الالهي

A new generation of British-born black and Asian writers is rising, leaving the 'ethnic' ghetto behind and changing the way we see ourselves, argues MAYA JAGGI

The new Brits on the block



Young guns (from left): Bidisha Bandyopadhyay - only 17, but with a first novel on the way - Andrea Levy, Meera Syal, Fred D'Aguiar, Laura Fish and, below, Diran Adebayo

WHEN the American actress and writer Marisa Tomei one-time star of *Hair* - launched the Saga prize last year for debut writers born in Britain of black African ancestry, she called it an "insincere to encourage a voice very long silent". Where, she lamented, was the "black voice of Britain"?

Funded by a Folkestone-based holiday company for the over-fifties, the £3,000 prize immediately bred controversy. Would it coax out talent of those it off within a ghetto? Some took affront at the designation of the women's press Virago to publish the winners - male or female.

As the dust settles with the publication of the first winning novel, Diran Adebayo's *Some Kind of Black*, the Saga prize looks set to take a modest place among grants and awards designed to bolster up-and-coming writers.

Adebayo, a 27-year-old north Londoner of Nigerian parentage, and Virago's first living male author, calls his novel - somewhat tongue-in-cheek - a "racialised observational comedy". Unlike much contemporary British fiction, it witnesses the vitality of a metropolis where one in five belong to an ethnic minority.

Adebayo tracks his young hero, Dele, amid the Afro-belle, cult-nats and love-hate-colour-crowd of 1960s London and Oxford (where Adebayo studied law). As Dele's sister lies in a coma due to over-zealous policing, Dele contends with the more subtly racist cult of the black male as fashion icon - cool, body-toned and good for CDs and drugs - a patronising image of "inner-city cachet" that Adebayo deflates with humour and vulnerability.

More striking than the political heat generated by the Saga prize is that its first winner feeds an incipient literary wave. When the prize was conceived, there were remarkably few published novelists who had been born in Britain of African, Caribbean or south Asian descent (the notable exception being the notable exception).

Yet Adebayo joins Laura Fish, Vanessa Walters, Andrea Levy, Fred D'Aguiar, Meera Syal and Bidisha Bandyopadhyay among those with first or second novels out this year. All can claim with irony the pedigree of Kureishi's hero in *The Buddha of Suburbia*, as an "Englishman born and bred, almost".

The novels of this made-in-Britain generation have arguably little in common. Andrea Levy in *Every Light in the House Burnin'* and Meera Syal in *Anita and Me* recreate fictionalised childhoods in London and the Midlands respectively, while Vanessa Walters' *Rude Girls* - aimed at a more popular teen market - bonds three young unemployed black women amid north Lon-

don Yardies, regga and raves. Fred D'Aguiar, an established poet, visits the plantations of 19th-century Virginia in *The Longest Memory*, which won the Whitbread first novel award, while *Dear Future* tacks between Guyana and London.

Laura Fish's lyrical *Flight of Black Swans*, set among Aboriginal stockmen in the Australian outback, reflects the painful dislocations of its autobiographical "black Fom" heroine - the child of adoption by a white couple in rural England. But Bidisha's forthcoming *Seahorses* trawls London's 1960s media world with scant reference to race.

Yet the timing of these novels owes something to demography. Levy, in her late thirties, was driven to write her first novel - a 1960s childhood viewed through the prism of a parent's demise - by her father's death from cancer. He was among the Jamaican pioneers who stepped off the Empire Windrush in 1948. The children of post-war mass migration are gaining material ease and confidence, in Levy's words: "Finding our feet and our voice."

Many express a hunger for images of themselves. A sense of being invisible, erased from Britain's idea of itself and of its past, is an avowed spur for several of these authors to writing themselves back into the picture. "If Englishness does not define me, redefine Englishness," Levy insists.

There is also a dawning receptivity to that voice. Not long ago, writers would express resentment that publishers favoured the backward glance at "exotic" landscapes offered by those with memories of elsewhere (Salman Rushdie, Ben Okri, Anita Desai, Vikram Seth, Ramesh Guneseekera) over fiction closer to home and to the bone. Now many editors and agents agree, the "black British experience" is hot.

The shift no doubt reflects the market drive for novelty. Kureishi helped prove the potential of a fresh take on Britain and Britishness. It also rides on transatlantic success. The search is on - perhaps crassly - for the British Toni Morrison or Terry McMillan.

But the strides made in the early 1990s by the X Press - launched with Victor Headley's bestseller *Yardie* - and the Britain-based promoters, the Write Thing, were crucial. Bypassing conventional routes to reach an untapped market, they helped shatter the iron premise that, aside from a few lone stars, the only black authors who sell are American and who read are American.

With book chains like WH Smith and Books Etc now boasting "black fiction" sections, the mass market potential of a "street" genre no doubt reflects the pervasive input of black speech, music and style into Britain's youth culture. *Rude Girls*, published



by Pan Books and flagged in a WH Smiths Fresh Talent Promotion, was an attempt by a mainstream publisher to mine this seam.

Successful authors breed aspiring ones. Steve Pope of the X Press says: "Yardie was the book that got a lot of black people into bookshops who thought the books out there had nothing to do with their lives. It also started people thinking of themselves as writers." Now the X Press, once criticised for focusing on rude-boy gangsterism and what the writer Mike Phillips termed a "culture of guns and drugs", has ambitions to build a more literary list.

There can be pitfalls, however, in publishers' commercial awakenings. Does what editors think will sell match what people want to write? Levy, author of a second novel, *Never Far from Nowhere*, scorns publishers' "hard mentality". She recalls being told: "Love your writing - but could you write a book like [Amy Tan's] *The Joy Luck Club*?" She adds: "They wanted the 'immigrant experience' to be formulaic. There's pressure to stay within the realms of identity, of the black

experience in Britain." D'Aguiar, wary of the "black British" tag, says: "It's very hard to pin down such a thing as the black experience - the idea that black people move through life in a particular way." Levy and D'Aguiar cite their working-class roots as more crucial an influence than growing up black.

Meanwhile, in the scramble for the here-and-now, the past and foreign settings risk being swept aside. Victor Headley was once quoted in the *Times* as saying "so-called black intellectuals" like Ben Okri and Caryl Phillips were "not relevant to what we're thinking about in the black community... They don't know what's going on."

Aside from whether a monolithic "black community" exists or what it thinks about the impoverished notion of "relevance" in this blacker-than-thou pitch would strait-jacket any writer. Yet Headley's comment does highlight a growing debate among some young black readers impatient with the spate of historical fiction since the late 1980s, perhaps exemplified by Phillips's diaspora novels. Why hark back to 300 years of slav-

ery? Why not a black Kureishi?

Yet that historicism has in a sense laid the groundwork for new writing. "If you don't know where you've come from, you don't know where you're going," Phillips says. Ridding the archives of empire, novels such as *Cambridge*, which uses irony to dissect the persistent cultural legacy of slavery, cast what the Caribbean writer George Lamming called "the backward glance as part of the need to understand". They also write the black presence back into the British landscape - from Victorian Londoners to second world war GIs, in chronicling the 1960s and 1970s, Syal and Levy take up the baton, telling a fragment of a collective saga through individual stories.

Jonny Geller, the literary agent at Curtis Brown whose list includes Adebayo and the 17-year-old Bidisha, says: "I hope historical novels don't get pushed aside. Every culture needs to know where it's coming from before it can go forward. It's the same with Irish or Jewish writing. It develops through a firm knowledge of what's gone before."

Along with the Saga quest for an absent "black voice of Britain" came ignorant statements in the press about there being "no history of black British writers". Literature by black people in Britain dates from the 18th century. If you had to be born in England to leave a mark on English letters, not even Swift, Conrad or T S Eliot would make it into the canon.

Ferdinand Dennis, whose forthcoming second novel, *The Last Days*, is rooted in the inner-city present, warns: "There should be an awareness among writers that they stand within a tradition. That way some of them - or their promoters - might stop thinking they're inventing the wheel."

Marsha Hunt insisted: "The black British voice is different to that of the immigrant American, Nigerian or Jamaican." Formative years spent on these shores may well make for a unique experience. And, as Adebayo points out, each generation finds its own voice.

But many novelists born abroad have also recorded a distinctively British experience, not least those who arrived with British passports and an English education. Sev-

eral have imagined themselves into the lives of the "second generation" - including Abdulrazak Gurnah, Joan Riley, Beryl Gilroy, David Dabydeen, Ravinder Randhawa and Farhana Sheikh. As D'Aguiar notes: "Black creativity is not new, though a broad awareness of it is." There are no clear borders between the imaginative terrain of migrant writers, others brought as children, and those born on this soil with an ineradicable heritage from elsewhere. As Syal's British-born Brummie heroine puts it: "There was a corner of me that would be forever not England."

To force writers under exclusive national rubrics, misses the point that "post-colonial" writers exploring Britain's imperial past and post-imperial present have long eroded the boundaries between here and there, "us" and "them". In exploring precisely those links, such fiction has helped to internationalise the British novel.

Rushdie said: "The migrant is not simply transformed... he also transforms his new world." An openness not just to their own narrowly defined "ethnic community" but to the vitality of a multi-racial Britain often ignored in fiction, marks out what A Robert Lee in *Other Britain, Other British* (1995, Pluto) terms "post-migrant" novelists.

Penelope Lively patronised David Dabydeen's first novel, *The Invention*, in 1981 with the well-meaning statement: "We badly need good novels about the immigrant experience in Britain." But far from interpreting the "immigrant experience" to curious outsiders, these novelists shatter myths of identity at Britain's heart. To read them is not simply to understand "them" but to understand "ourselves".

Some Kind of Black by Diran Adebayo, Virago, £9.99; Rude Girls by Vanessa Walters, Pan Books, £5.99; Every Light in the House Burnin' by Andrea Levy, Hodder Headline, £5.99; Never Far from Nowhere by Laura Fish, Duckworth, £14.99; Anita and Me by Meera Syal, Flamingo, £3.99; The Longest Memory by Fred D'Aguiar, Chatto, £5.99 and Dear Future, Chatto, £14.99. For information on this year's Saga prize, send a SAE to Saga Prize, c/o BS Business Avenue, London NW9 4BN. Closing date is July 31.

Guardian's Jaggi wins race award

MAYA JAGGI won the national newspaper category of the Race in the Media Awards for 1995, announced in April by the Commission for Racial Equality, for her arts features and literary interviews - including profiles of Caryl Phillips, Hanif Kureishi, Kazuo Ishiguro, Wole Soyinka and Salman Rushdie. Formerly literary editor of the journal *Third World Quarterly*, she is a literary adviser to the London Arts Board and a contributing editor of *Wasafiri* magazine.



Two hundred years of black bestsellers . . .

GNATIUS SANCHEO, born in 1729 on a slave ship in mid-Atlantic, was the first Afro-British prose writer published in Britain. *Letters of the Late Ignatius Sancho, An African* (1782), his poetically published epistles to society friends including David Garrick, Laurence Sterne and Samuel Johnson, was a runaway bestseller. Other former slaves lent weight to the abolitionist lobby with their autobiographies, including Olaudah Equiano - whose *Interesting Narrative* (1789), a bestseller, is also again in print.

Mary Prince and Mary Seacole, both born in the West Indies, were among 19th-century writers published here. Seacole wrote of nursing troops in the Crimea in her *Wonderful Adventures* (1857). With Caribbean mass migration in the 1960s came a liter-

ary movement - including V S Naipaul, Sam Selvon, George Lamming, Andrew Salkey, Wilson Harris, and the poets Derek Walcott (a Nobel prizewinner) and E K Brathwaite. In the 1960s and early 1960s, West Indians published more than 130 novels in England. Along with novels such as Lamming's classic of Caribbean childhood, *In The Castle*

Of My Skin (1963), came those about the Windrush generation: Lamming's *The Emigrants* (1964), Selvon's *The Lonely Londoners* (1965), ER Braithwaite's *To Sir, With Love* (1969).

Kamala Markandaya's *The Netherland* (1973), an Indian version of the migrant's tale, joined the prose of other Indians settled in post-war Britain, including G V Desani's linguistic groundbreaker *All About H Hatter* (1948), Sudhin Ghose's tetralogy (1949-55), Nirad Chaudhuri's *Passage To England* (1965), and Attia Hosain's *Phoenix Fled* (1963) and *Sunlight On A Broken Column* (1963).

The illusory glamour of the metropolis in *The Lonely Londoners* arguably gives way among writers who grew up in Britain to a bleaker mirror of the 1960s and 1970s, the era of Enoch Powell's "rivers of

blood" and anti-immigration laws. Caryl Phillips was the first novelist of his generation to look back to his parents' journey, in the recently televised *The Final Passage* (1985). But, like much fiction of the 1980s - including Joan Riley's *The Unbelonging* (1985) and Ravinder Randhawa's *A Wicked Old Woman* (1987) - it reflects a pessimism about the possibility of belonging.

The roll-call of novelists of African and Asian descent in the 1980s and 1990s is increasingly familiar - many having swept prizes - including Salman Rushdie, Timothy Mo, Kazuo Ishiguro, Ben Okri, Abdulrazak Gurnah, Roy Heath, Ramesh Guneseekera, Sunetra Gupta and Amit Chaudhuri.

Less well-known women novelists, whose numbers have increased since the 1970s, include Buchi Emecheta, Beryl Gilroy, Merle Collins, Jan

Shinebourne, Grace Nichols, Amryl Johnson, Sumiti Namoshi and Leena Dhingra.

Some of the most innovative fiction of the 1990s has been historical: Phillips's *Elphinstone* (1989), *Cambridge Ground* (1992), *Cambridge* (1991) and *Crossing The River* (1993); Fred D'Aguiar's *The Longest Memory* (1994); Gurnah's *Paradise* (1994) and David Dabydeen's forthcoming

The Counting House, which charts the "cocoon odyssey" of indentured Indians in the Caribbean.

But a growing number of novels are set in contemporary Britain - Ferdinand Dennis's *The Sleepless Summer* (1995), a coming-of-age in the Notting Hill riots; Farhana Sheikh's *The Red Fox* (1991); Gbenga Agbenyega's *Another Lonely Londoner* (1991); Atina Srivastava's *Transmission* (1992) and Hanif Kureishi's *Buddha of Suburbia* (1990).

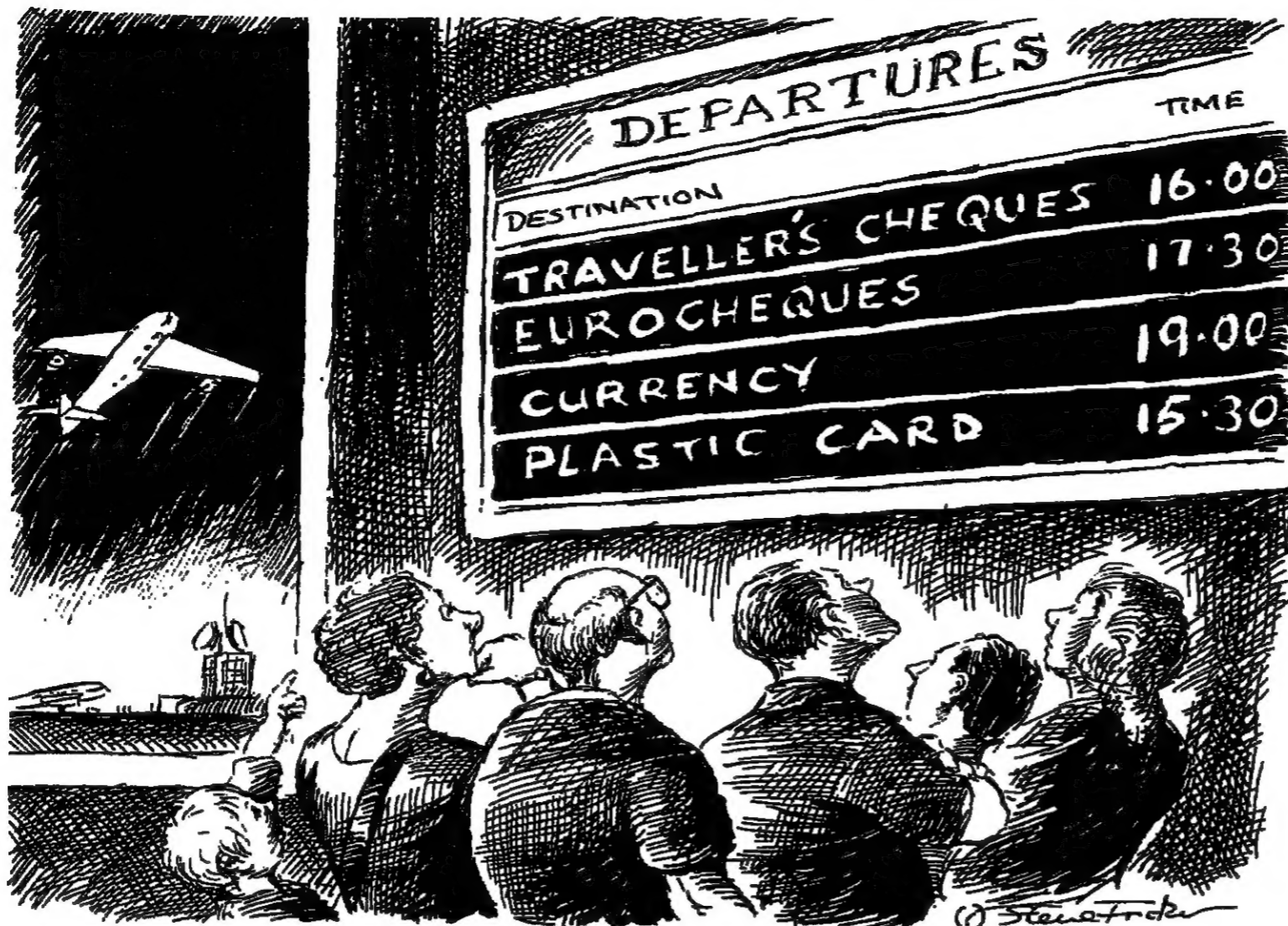
According to D'Aguiar, there are at least 60 poets of African and Asian descent writing and performing in Britain - from Linton Kwesi Johnson and Debjani Chatterjee to a generation born here that has long had a voice - D'Aguiar, Benjamin Zephaniah, Lorna Sissay, Jackie Kay, Gabriel Guadagnoli and Bernadine Evaristo.

We need friends because clouds once inspired great poetry. Not small ads.

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Money Guardian

The number of ways to spend your cash abroad is almost as bewildering as the variety of foreign destinations on offer. PAUL SLADE tries to solve a financial headache



Obey golden rule whatever the colour of your holiday money

HOLIDAYMAKERS planning to take advantage of the pilots' decision to call off their strike must now decide whether to take traveller's cheques, Eurocheques, foreign currency or rely on a plastic card.

While the number of holidaymakers flying to their destinations is actually falling, the methods of paying continue to proliferate. This may not only baffle travellers but lead to embarrassing and costly mistakes.

Barclays this week offers a free foreign phrase book designed to help out in typical holiday emergencies. The book, available to Barclays travel insurance customers, also gives money jargon in six different languages.

But whichever language is involved the golden rule is not to rely on a single method of payment and think carefully about where you're going. For example, only about 60 per cent of hotels and restaurants in Germany accept credit cards.

American Express, Diners Club, Visa and Mastercard are widely acceptable around the world. Visa cards and Mastercard can also be used to withdraw cash from hole-in-the-wall machines throughout Europe, North America, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa.

Using credit cards to withdraw money abroad will entail a handling charge of about 1.5

per cent. This also applies when using a card in the UK but the charges incurred on holiday can come as a shock.

Your card issuer should be able to tell you how widely acceptable your card is at your chosen destination, and give you a list of the cash machines available there.

Thomas Cook and Royal Bank of Scotland are currently piloting a scheme called Visa travel money, which gives you a PIN number and a new card which you can then load with anything from £100 to £5,000, drawing the money out from Visa cash machines at your destination. The card can then be thrown away when it is "empty". The service is currently available at eight bureaux de changes in London, Stansted Airport, Manchester Airport and Manchester and Edinburgh branches of RBS.

Debit cards such as Barclays Connect card and Lloyds' Delta card can also be used in outlets which take Visa, NatWest and Midland's Switch cards can be used in 200,000 cash machines bearing the Citrus logo.

Switch cards can also be used in shops and restaurants with the Maestro logo, which is particularly popular in Spain, where more than 300,000 outlets accept the card.

If you earn more than £25,000 a year you may qualify for a gold card from American Express, Mastercard or Visa. These carry a range of extra

A little currency goes a long way

TRAVELLERS will need some foreign currency to deal with small purchases such as snacks and souvenirs, writes Paul Slade.

Despite requiring a week's notice, banks and building societies charge commission of 1 to 2 per cent when selling foreign currency.

They also make a profit from the spread they work on. This involves using two

different exchange rates, depending on whether they are buying or selling the foreign currency. For example, TSB might sell US dollars at \$1.521 to £1 but buy them back at \$1.64 to £1. The net effect is that £100 buys you \$152.10, but \$152.10 buys you only £92.74. The missing £7.26 goes into the bank's coffers.

Travel agents Thomas Cook and Going Places will

change unused cash or traveller's cheques free providing the cheques were bought there in the first place and you have your original receipt. Halifax is offering the same deal for anyone returning from holiday by the end of August. Airport bureau de change Travelex will buy back up to 50 per cent of a minimum purchase of £300 in cash or traveller's cheques without a commis-

sion charge and at the purchase rate. You should be sure your foreign currency includes not only notes, but also some coins for emergencies, telephone calls and tips. Travelex customers can get pre-packed foreign coins at all UK airport branches. The new service, Coinpax, comprises coins of different values available in all currencies from destinations served by the airport.

benefits such as free travel insurance.

Traveller's cheques are always popular because they have the advantage that, if lost or stolen, they can be quickly cancelled and replaced.

BUYING non-sterling traveller's cheques will cost you commission of between 1 and 2 per cent. There is often a minimum charge of £2 or £3.

Eurocheques are another option. A Eurocheque book and guarantee card will cost you about £8 from your bank or building society with a commission charge of about 2.5 per cent on each cheque and a minimum charge per cheque of £2, making this a very expensive way to make

What you pay					
Supplier	Non-sterling travellers cheques		Foreign Currency		Min charge
	Commission	Min Charge	Commission	Min charge	
Abbey Nat'l	1.5%	£1.25	1.5%	£1.25	
All & Leica	1.5%	£3.00	1.5%	£3.00	
AME	1%	None	£2 (flat fee)		
Barclays	2%	£3.00	2%	£3.00	
Diners Club	4%	£4.00	4%	£4.00	
Going Places	1%	£3.00	2%	£2.50	
Halifax	1%	£3.00	1%	£1.25	
Lloyds	1.5%	£3.00	2%	£3.00	
Nationwide	1.5%	£3.00	1.5%	£3.00	
Midland	2%	£3.50	2%	£3.50	
NatWest	2%	£4.00	1.5%	£2.50	
Post Office	4%	£2.50	1%	£2.50	
RBS	1.5%	£3.00	1.5%	£2.00	
T Cook	2%	£3.00	2%	£3.00	
Travelax	1.5%	£3.00	1.5%	£2.50	
TSB	1.5%	£3.00	1.5%	£3.00	
Woolwich	1.5%	£3.00	1.5%	£3.00	

No need to get the wind up over Bertha

HURRICANE warnings along the east coast of the US as Bertha's 105 mph winds headed towards the Carolinas will have caused some anxiety to those heading for America this summer.

Hurricanes, flash-floods and tornadoes: for people living in areas vulnerable to natural disasters they are a part of life — their effects, though, no less devastating for that. Nevertheless, business must go on and the tourist-dependent island of Antigua — one of the Caribbean's main holiday destinations, which was last year battered by the 180 mph winds of Hurricane Luis — has managed to get itself up and running again.

Up to eight inches of rain have already fallen as Bertha blew through the Caribbean, killing four people in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. A state of emergency was declared in the North Carolina holiday islands of Ocracoke and Hatteras. Most holidaymakers packed up and drove back to the mainland.

But the US is not the only region prone to natural disasters. Floods in Tuscany last month destroyed countless homes and left at least 11

people dead; Goa had more rain in the month of June than London would expect to have in a whole year; eight Europeans lost their lives earlier this month when a flash-flood carried them away while climbing a wadi in Oman and in Lesotho, Southern Africa's prime venue for pony-trekking and hill-walking, villages have been cut off by freak snow falls.

UK travel insurers, however, remain philosophical, for although such disasters hit the headlines, they do, in fact, affect a relatively small number of foreign travellers. "Generally speaking," says a spokeswoman for Shirl International Insurance, "people's lives, in these sort of situations are not at risk, although their belongings may be."

If you are planning a visit to an area where a natural disaster could happen it is advisable to double-check your insurance cover. You may want to know, for instance, if a particular destination carries a higher premium because of its history. You may also want to know how you stand should you decide to cancel your holiday following a natural disaster.

On the whole, insurance companies and brokers do not discriminate against a destination because of its past history.

"We give cover for anywhere," says Annie Tomkins of Club Direct, winners of the Crystal Clear plan in English

Disasters hit the headlines but they affect only a small number of travellers

award. "We don't discriminate against a destination simply because something bad has happened there. That would be endangering the livelihood of people in the tourist industry at the place in question. However, if you book and then decide you don't want to go because of a hurricane, say, then that's your decision. It's a grey area and we'd have to think about it."

Our Way Travel Insurance says it would honour their cancellation clause provided the danger was recognised as real. "It's not enough for the client to be worried," says Paul Mclean. "There would have to be a decision taken by someone other than the traveller, like the tour operator. As far as we are concerned, everywhere is safe except in obvious war zones and it is the tour operators who have a duty to inform their clients about dangerous areas."

Extra Sure, however, will not pay for cancellation if a traveller decides that the chosen destination is too dangerous. "That's called 'disinclination to travel' and there's no policy which will cover that," says a spokeswoman.

Atlas Travel Insurance has an exclusion clause relating to freaks of nature but clients are offered limited cover for tornadoes, storms, monsoons and hurricanes. "If you were washed out of your hotel," says spokesman Gareth Christie, "and had to book yourself into another hotel, you'd be covered, but we would need proof of the hurricane and of the hotel being flooded. If a client wants to travel to a destination that has already been hit, then they should discuss it with us first to make sure they are covered."

Last year, holidaymakers booked to go to Antigua were offered alternative destinations in the Caribbean when Hurricane Luis wrecked the island. But what happens if you don't want to go to a different island? "We would understand," says Chris Moore of Mondial. "First, if someone wanted to cancel after discovering there had been a hurricane or a flood, then we would agree the cancellation. Quite honestly, we could end up paying much more if the person did go. Likewise, we'd understand it if someone decided they didn't want to go to an alternative destination. They could, after all, have chosen the original one because it was where they spent their honeymoon. We treat each case on its merits."

The Foreign Office lists only nine places which it advises people not to visit though only one, Montserrat with its rumbling volcano, is included in this no-go list because of potentially dangerous climatic conditions.



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22 FINANCE AND ECONOMICS

High Court backs ombudsman and says Typhoo tea company was wrong to withdraw millions from fund

Pensioners' £18m victory

Teresa Hunter

MORE than 200 pensioners will today be celebrating an £18.4 million High Court victory over the makers of Typhoo tea, who attempted to "unjustly enrich" the company at their former employees' expense.

The victory is seen as a triumph for the pensions ombudsman, Julian Ferrand, who was forced into the High Court by food conglomerate Hillsdown, which was determined to overturn his earlier judgment. The High Court backed the ombudsman, deciding that Hillsdown Holdings had acted illegally when it took £18.4 million from one of its pension schemes in 1989.

In a warning to all employers and trustees, Mr Justice Knox also criticised the company for putting undue pressure on trustees to force them to agree to the plan to dilute a surplus in the fund. The company must now await a further decision from the court about if it must repay pensioners the full £18.4 million and interest.

The problem arose after Hillsdown — the £1 billion tea and jam conglomerate — took over the Patstock Marketing Corporation in 1983, inheriting a large surplus in the pension fund. However, the scheme's rules specifically denied the employer any power or rights over the surplus. Such rules were typical of old schemes.

To sidestep these restrictions Hillsdown simply switched the assets and members of the FMC fund into another scheme where there was no blanket restriction relating to any surplus. Furthermore, the company threatened to flood the old scheme with new members if trustees refused. Although such a plan was probably illegal and might never have been fulfilled, trustees feared it might ultimately lead to a cut in pensions.

Only £1.3 million of the surplus, which exceeded £20 million, was used to improve benefits for the pensioners; a £18.4 million surplus was paid to Hillsdown. The move triggered a complaint by the late Lord Bradbury, an ex-personnel manager. When he died the complaint, which was upheld by the ombudsman, was taken up by two of his former colleagues, Robert Burt and Alan Bothwell.

Saturday Notebook

Where a bull ride comes before a fall



Edited by Alex Brummer

WALL Street has all the signs of a market that has lost confidence in its own future. On any snippet of "bad" news, be it an improvement in the unemployment figures — raising concerns about an interest rate hike — or difficulties in the technology sector, the Dow Jones goes into a nose dive.

lan fund. If Wall Street continues to take fright, the mutual funds, particularly those which have put faith in technology, would be faced with a flood of redemptions which could only be met by selling shares. Some of the pressure could be reduced by the fully invested pension funds, which cannot easily divest themselves. But there is a growing risk that the recent bull market will be followed by a thundering fall.

Lloyd's long-tail

THE return of Lloyd's of London to profit in 1993, after five years and losses of £8 billion, ought to come as an enormous relief to investors in the market and to the City of London, which has watched one of its pillars torn down. With the global improvement in insurance rates, it now looks likely that the 1993 profit may well be restocking the reserves of a market looted by misreading of the insurance cycle, mispractice and, at times, fraud.

Russia

Rival's bid puts Onat in the sha

Britons bid Mammou... French grocery chain hopes for cross-Channel rescue, writes ROGER COWE

Minister denies any nuclear sale skulduggery

Simon Beavis and Chris Barrie on ramifications of the British Energy privatisation fiasco

ENERGY and industry minister Tim Eggar stepped into the row over nuclear privatisation yesterday by defending the way British Energy handled the announcement of the closure of two power stations and the public share offer had closed.

eliminated, "you would never float any company", he said. However, Mr Eggar admitted that the closures "could not have come at a more sensitive time".

Government advisers were last night getting down to the sensitive task of putting a final price on the issue but were facing a double dilemma. With institutions apparently not prepared to subscribe to over 20p a share, the Government's brokers were deciding whether to boost proceeds by selling the bulk of the shares to overseas investors at a higher price of around 20p.



Strolling... Kenneth Clarke and William Waldegrave at Chevening for Budget brainstorm

Clarke may find a place for tax cuts in his country retreat

CHANCELLOR Kenneth Clarke will today set out his tax plans for the next Budget at a strategy meeting with finance ministers and senior Treasury officials.

These are widely expected to feature further cuts in personal taxation because of the imminence of the next general election, which must be held by the spring of 1997.

Since then, fresh evidence of buoyant consumer spending and a sustained recovery in the housing market has emerged, including retail figures from John Lewis Partnership yesterday showing sales up by 21.6 per cent on a year ago.

Inflation fears have so far been muted in America, which has seen steady economic growth, but Wall Street last night appeared to be increasingly conscious of the prospect of the Federal Reserve raising rates.

Rail workers in fight for franchise

Keith Harper reports on the first attempted network buy-out

THE first attempt by a group of workers to take over part of British Rail's dwindling passenger network will be made on Monday by the 310 staff members of the Cardiff Railway Company.

reacted fiercely to the news last night. "We have now reached the farcical situation where managers who are supposed to be running a railway are bickering among themselves over its ownership," he said.

Exam-cheat stockbrokers face permanent dealing ban

DOZENS of cheating US stockbrokers face a permanent ban from the securities industry after being caught paying others to take their licensing exams.

"We're on to a startling number of people," said Martin Kuperberg, the district director for New York and New Jersey for NASD regulation.

have been identified by the dealers under the gun worked for any of the top 10 brokerage houses.

rules and regulations governing securities transactions. The test also covers balance sheet analysis.

Rank seeks to let coach holiday subsidiary drive off on its own

Lisa Buckingham
THE first fruits of Andrew Teare's strategic review of the Rank Organisation's vast array of businesses emerged yesterday when the company disclosed that it plans to sell Shearings, its coach holiday operator.

That is ten times the £8 million operating profit which was achieved on £100 million of turnover last year by the company whose business also includes 30 Coast and Country holiday hotels.

TOURIST RATES — BANK SELLS

Australia 1.8875	France 7.74	Italy 2.338	Singapore 2.15
Austria 16.12	Germany 2.590	Malta 0.9490	South Africa 8.55
Belgium 42.21	Greece 383.50	Netherlands 2.58	Spain 192.75
Canada 2.08	Hong Kong 11.73	New Zealand 2.20	Sweden 10.23
Cyprus 0.7045	India 55.07	Norway 9.85	Switzerland 1.8875
Denmark 6.8750	Ireland 0.9450	Portugal 236.50	Turkey 123.086
Finland 7.16	Ireland 4.96	Saudi Arabia 5.80	USA 1.52

Handwritten signature: J.P. 15/50

West's investors ready to join budget-gap bonanza, writes JAMES MEEK in Moscow Russia offers gilt-edged gamble

DESPERATE to cover its budget gap and stop tapping the country's teetering commercial banks for cash, Russia is set to open its government securities market to foreigners.

The enormous yields offered by Russian government securities—known as GKO, the equivalent of British gilts or US treasury bills—have already attracted overseas stock players. But so far they have had to operate surreptitiously, through proxies, to get round finance ministry restrictions.

Just before last week's presidential elections, with huge budget payments to make and a nationwide holiday in place, the finance ministry was prostrating itself before commercial banks with equivalent annual yields on GKOs topping 200 per cent.

Even taking inflation into account, the government was inviting Russian bankers to double their money. Some worried economists accused the finance ministry of running a pyramid scheme.

Since Boris Yeltsin's victory, yields have dropped to around 80 per cent, but this is still three times this year's expected inflation rate.

They really have been building up a pyramid. It would be a tremendous concern if we hadn't seen this recent decline in GKO yields and we didn't think the authorities were determined to change the situation," said a Moscow-based western economist.

A range of government leaders, including the prime minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, have expressed concern about the use of GKOs to cover the budget deficit—now bumping against limits agreed with the

IMF as a condition for its current loan programme.

The IMF is also thought to be worried about the excessively high yields the finance ministry is being forced to offer to win funds from Russian commercial banks, and is believed to be encouraging the government to open the market to outsiders.

However, sources close to the fund told the Guardian they were optimistic that, with elections out of the way, foreign investment would begin to pour into Russia, flight capital would return, taxes would be gathered and GKO yields would come down.

In the short term, however, serious problems remain. Later this year, the finance ministry has a massive "hump" of pay-outs to make as redemptions loom on the highest-yielding GKOs.

In the meantime, the gov-

ernment's continuing reliance on fresh GKO issues is drawing scarce domestic capital away from investment in industry. Hence the desire to bring foreigners in.

"Real money is now used only to service the budget—and that not completely—the GKO market and support of the currency," said Mikhail Zadornov, chairman of the Duma budget committee and a tip for a key economic post in Mr Chernomyrdin's new government. "Accounts between economic agents are being settled by barter, swaps and bills of exchange."

Speaking in Austria this week, Sergei Dubinin, head of the Russian central bank, said that restrictions on non-resident access to GKOs would soon be lifted. But he also hinted that he would want yields to fall sharply to a level just above inflation. It was not

clear whether the second was a condition for the first.

"I think they will make it easier for foreigners to participate in the market," said Tom Reed, a GKO expert with Alliance-Menapet in Moscow. "They will probably do so by the end of July or by the first half of August."

Mr Reed warned that the government would probably still attempt to give Russian GKO buyers a yield advantage over foreigners, which might put off overseas buyers.

Alexei Goncharov, of the Russian Brokerage House, said overseas access to GKOs would probably be limited to 10-15 per cent of each issue.

One of the fears of the finance ministry and the central bank is that by opening up the GKO market to foreigners, Russia might suffer the fate of Mexico, where foreign capital pulled out as swiftly as it

poured in and the peso collapsed.

However, Moscow financial analysts point out that Russian investors are quite capable of prompting a collapse by themselves.

A crisis within Russia's commercial banks, the main customers for GKOs, has been widely predicted this year.

The reason the GKO yield is so high is the banks' acute shortage of liquid capital, caused in turn by the shock of having to adjust to relatively low inflation and a stable currency.

An ominous sign this week was the breakdown of Yevruniversbank, Russia's 17th biggest, although the speed with which the central bank moved in to take control encouraged some observers.

Central bank officials also had to deny rumours of trouble at the second-biggest commercial bank, Inkombank.

Deutsche begins milch-cow stampede

Germany's biggest bank quits factory floor in favour of entering the global investment league. IAN TRAYNOR reports from Bonn

DEUTSCHE Bank, Germany's biggest and perhaps most lumbering financial house, appears in a rush to reinvent itself as a lean, aggressive, big-league international player.

It is headhunting in the City and on Wall Street, expanding its investment banking activities, concentrating on profits and shareholder returns, and easing up on its traditional role as corpulent milch cow of German corporatism.

A fortnight after signalling its intent to shed or trim its huge industrial holdings, Deutsche, in just two days this week, revamped and streamlined its management structures and acquired a 2200 million stake in Bavaria's Bayerische Vereinsbank.

Where Deutsche Bank leads, others are sure to follow in Germany, and the markets responded merrily, with banks' shares soaring in Frankfurt, led by Bayerische Vereinsbank, which climbed more than 10 per cent on Thursday.

return to concentrate on their core activities," says Marcel Strömme, banking analyst at the German Economics Institute. "In Deutsche's case that is banking—setting up profit centres, establishing more transparent structures. This is a rational scheme and equips them better for more radical action."

Hilmar Kopper, the sometimes controversial Deutsche Bank chairman, announced on Wednesday that the management was being revamped around four group divisions: private banking, commercial and institutional banking, investment banking, and group services. The 12-strong management board, headed by Mr Kopper, remains, but the four divisions have their own boards and more autonomy.

Over the past four years, the bank has shed 13 per cent of its staff in Germany as it seeks to streamline its domestic bank-

ing services sector, boost profits and become more competitive.

Deutsche Morgan Grenfell, the bank's investment arm, has been poaching hundreds of senior executives, brokers, traders, and analysts from rivals in New York, London and Latin America in a drive intended to make Deutsche the number one investment bank in Europe.

Mr Kopper said at the annual meeting two months ago that his aim was to narrow the gap with global leaders in investment banking.

Already the acquisition of the 5.2 per cent share in the Bavarian bank, the first other German bank that Deutsche has taken a stake in, has prompted analysts to speculate about a shake-up of the German banking world, with mergers being predicted to compete with the bigger players globally.

Mr Kopper said at the annual meeting that his aim was to narrow the gap with global leaders in investment banking.

The cultural revolution at Deutsche Bank has been sparked by a string of financial disasters and corporate collapses intimately involving the bank over the past couple of years—1994 saw the flight of the property tycoon Jürgen Schneider, leaving a mountain of bad debt in his trail and causing red faces at Deutsche Bank, his creditor.

The same year brought the near collapse of the metals group Metallgesellschaft. In 1996, Daimler-Benz, the flagship of German industry—Deutsche Bank owns a quarter of it—posted record corporate losses in Germany of nearly DM6 billion (€2.5 billion). Two months ago, the engineering group Klockner-Humboldt-Deutz disclosed that hundreds of millions of marks had been lost through fraudulent accounting and again Deutsche, owning 48.6 per cent, had to put together a salvage package.

The Deutsche board is now signalling that it wants to concentrate on its banking activities, being more competitive globally, and is keen to trim or even sell off its industrial holdings.

"There is a trend across Germany right now for the big concerns like Daimler to

ing services sector, boost profits and become more competitive.

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Rival's bequest puts Onassis in the shade

Helena Smith in Athens

AS IN life so in death, Stavros Niarchos, the last of the "golden Greeks", has sought to upstage his rival Aristotle Onassis.

In his will, Mr Niarchos, who died last March, could not resist taking one last swipe at the late tycoon who was also his brother-in-law.

Although Mr Niarchos was ranked by *Fortune* magazine last year as the world's 32nd wealthiest individual, with a net worth of more than \$1.6 billion, the exclusive shipping magnate was much richer. With about \$6 billion in cash, equities and other liquid assets, he was at least twice as well off as Mr Onassis.

The tycoon instructed his heirs to establish a charitable organisation in direct competition with one set up by Mr Onassis in 1975.

Like that of his rival, the Niarchos charity will concentrate mostly on championing philanthropic causes in Greece and will also be based in Vaduz, the capital of the bankers' haven Liechtenstein.

But Mr Niarchos ensured that the foundation, which will be headed by the president of JP Morgan Bank, would have even more funds

to play with than do the Onassis trustees.

Conservative estimates, supported by the magnate's associates in Athens, suggest that at least \$30 million will be injected each year into the charity through the charity.

Rivalry between the two tycoons began during the second world war when they started to build their tanker fleets. Whether it was women, art, real estate or cash, Mr Niarchos was determined to outdo Mr Onassis, even marrying his former wife, Tina Livanos, in 1972. When in the 1950s Mr Onassis acquired the Jonian Isle of Sikropolis, Mr Niarchos snatched up the Aegean island of Spetsopoula.

During the 1967-74 Colonias regime, he bought the loss-making Skaramanga shipyards to offset his rival's establishment of Olympic Airways.

After the death in 1978 of Eugenia Livanos—his second wife and Tina's sister—in suspicious circumstances on Spetsopoula, Mr Niarchos avoided his homeland, and was criticised for being not only unpatriotic but also stingy.

"Onassis always called him a mis-Hellene," said Dimitris Limberopoulos, an expert on the tycoons. "Niarchos mimicked him even in his will to prove that, more than anything else, he was a good Greek."



European Union president Jacques Santer with singer Patricia Kass and members of Ace of Base as he prepares to give out platinum awards to artists who have sold more than a million records in Europe. The International Federation of the Phonographic Industry, organiser of the event, wants EU backing for its fight against piracy. PHOTOGRAPH: PIERRE THELMAIS

Britons balk at Mammouth task

French grocery chain hopes for cross-Channel rescue, writes ROGER COWE

DOCKS de France chairman Michel Deroy insisted yesterday that the Mammouth supermarket company, which is under siege from the privately owned Auchan group, could yet be saved by a £2 billion-plus "white knight" intervention from the UK.

The magnet would be 5 per cent of the French grocery market but British observers doubt whether even that is enough to tempt any UK supermarket group. Tesco has been seen as the favourite, because it already owns the French supermarket chain Cateaux, but analysts cannot see how the sums would add up.

Mike Dennis of NatWest Securities said: "However much you play around with the company, it seems bound to be dilutive of earnings in year one. I don't believe the institutions would back it."

Another analyst said: "Tesco is interested in expanding in Europe, so they will look at it, it's a great opportunity. But Auchan is never going to lose. It is the best bidder because it has most to gain in terms of cost savings and it is a private company, so doesn't have to worry about fund managers."

Mammouth may be a lure, but Auchan also owns less attractive smaller supermarkets and a chain of neighbourhood shops in France, as well as investments in Spain, Poland and the US.

The attractions of investing in French retailing are

also less than compelling for British firms. Certain may have been good experience for Tesco in attempting to export its UK success to Europe, but profits last year fell from £16 million to £10 million despite a substantial increase in sales.

Tesco is not alone in finding its French hopes dashed. Kingfisher's acquisitions of the electrical chains Darty and But have hardly been outstanding successes. MFI has found it tough building a profitable chain from the French end of Hygena, which it acquired in 1987.

Mighty Marks & Spencer has struggled to develop its long-standing French arm into more than a pale imitation of the British chain, at least in profit terms.

Yet France remains attractive to British retailers looking for diversification abroad. The US, once first choice, has seen several British retail failures; Germany is a notoriously difficult and highly regulated market; Italy is more fragmented than most UK firms would like, leaving Spain and France as the most attractive among the big players.

Italy's spaghetti barons in the soup as US stabs tariff fork into 'unfair' pasta imports

John Glover in Milan

ATTER the British beef war, the Icelandic cod war and the French sheep war, the trade guns have begun firing in the Italian pasta war.

This week the US International Trade Commission ruled that the Italians—the biggest US-bound exporters of pasta—are guilty of anti-competitive behaviour. Foreign producers, the ITC said, not only enjoy state subsidies, but also dump pasta products on the American market, damaging local competitors.

It has punished this behaviour with two tariffs. One compensates for state aid in the form of subsidised durum wheat and funds for pasta factories in deprived areas. The other, on average just over 12 per cent, aims to penalise pasta dumping. Passions are running high. The Italians

have denounced the measure as "pure protectionism" and plan a vendetta. Newspapers have called for a boycott of American wheat and other food products, including Coca Cola and hamburgers.

But the pasta industry is waiting for the ITC report before deciding what action to take. "We reject the accusations. We're all agreed it's an obviously protectionist measure," said a spokesman for Barilla, Italy's largest pasta-maker. Action will be agreed on with the ministries involved and the European Union.

The ruling has left Italian pasta-makers in the soup. Italians already eat an annual 27 kilos of pasta each—more than any other nation—so the market is saturated. The "pasta" war is hoping for growth abroad, especially in the US, where annual consumption of about eight kilos a

head makes it the world's largest market.

US pasta consumption is growing at the rate of about 5 per cent annually, which the Italians claim is the result of their hard work in marketing the product. The new tariffs will make it much harder to push their sales past their present figure of about \$140 million annually, or around 8 per cent of the American market.

Italian pasta is of higher quality than the US equivalent, and costs much more. One of the best, most expensive brands has suffered cumulative tariffs of over 50 per cent.

"It's absurd," fumed Giuseppe Menconi, president of the pasta makers' association. "They shouldn't think they'll make us disappear. We've invented this market. The only thing the Americans ever invented was the hamburger, and they can keep it."

Spanish state's sell-off policy puts workers on the warpath

Adèle Gooch in Madrid

SPAIN'S trades unions this week came under pressure from angry members to call an early general strike over the conservative government's plans for privatisation.

"All in good time, all in good time," Antonio Gutiérrez, leader of the Workers' Commissions, one of the country's two main trade unions, told a 10,000-strong gathering of members.

Since taking office two months ago, the Spanish government has announced it will sell state companies as part of its programme aimed at meeting European monetary union targets.

Nationalised concerns have been divided into four groups: the profitable, ripe for immediate, lucrative privatisation; the viable, the potentially viable; and the perennially loss-making.

The government says it will not tackle that last group. That has brought accusations that it wants to sell off state assets as a quick way of reducing the budget deficit without tackling deep-rooted structural problems that date from the paternalistic nationalised economy set up by General Franco.

Despite the trades unions' hard talking at the mass meeting, major mobilisations are unlikely as long as the government does not renege on its policy of leaving pensions and other social security benefits untouched.

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SO WE'RE ENCOURAGING BRITONS TO MAKE SURE THEIR MACHINES COMPLY WITH THE DUTCH STANDARD

NO BRAKES

WHAT DOES THAT INVOLVE?

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As the deadline draws near for investors to accept an offer clearing their debts, hardliners are fighting back, says PAULINE SPRINGETT

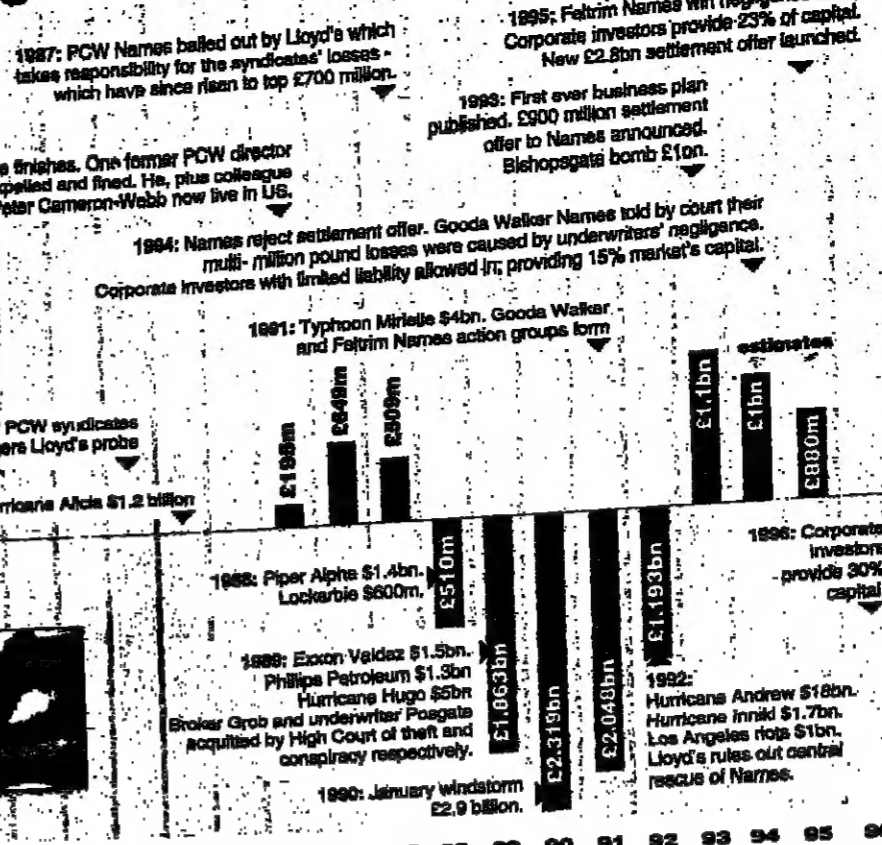
Three hundred years of underwriting



1988: Lloyd's sits in Edward Lloyd's coffee house in the City.

Lloyd's last stand

Key: Profit/loss (Disaster costs are world insurance market not to Lloyd's)



IT WILL not be the type of theatre usually associated with London's prestige South Bank. But when hundreds of middle-aged and elderly people flock to the Royal Festival Hall on Monday, they will be taking part in a drama likely to contain bravura performances every bit as powerful as those more usually seen there.

Most of the audience will be male, well spoken and smartly dressed. Business suits will be the order of the day.

But the air of affluence will disguise the fact that this gathering probably represents the most highly indebted group of people in the world. For these are the Names, whose wealth has traditionally made up the capital base of the Lloyd's of London insurance market. And the market has notched up losses of more than \$8 billion.

At 10am, David Rowland, Lloyd's chairman, will open Lloyd's annual general meeting. Even his charm and eloquence will be tested as he tries to win over an audience wishing they were spectators, not participants, in the most dramatic showdown of the insurance market's history.

Like most enormously complicated financial sagas, the Lloyd's fiasco can be summarised quite briefly. Lloyd's traces its history back 300 years to Edward Lloyd's coffee house in the City of London, where wealthy people met to provide insurance for shipping. They had unlimited liability and were the forerunners of today's Names. Things progressed smoothly for the next few centuries. The market expanded to underwrite different sorts of insurance business and more investors joined as Names.

Lloyd's established a solid international reputation for always paying valid claims and for the entrepreneurial flair of its underwriters. It insured anything from space rockets to film stars' legs. And it made money for investors. A loss in the mid-1960s

caused by Hurricane Betsy was a shock but was swallowed by the market. It was only in the late 1980s that the train hit the buffers. In the five years from 1988 to 1992, Lloyd's lost nearly \$3 billion. Many Names were brought to the brink of bankruptcy. Some, unable to cope with the stress and the hardship, committed suicide. Marriages cracked.

The size of the losses was only part of the problem. Also significant was the wealth profile of the modern Name. Traditional Names had been seriously wealthy. But in the late 1980s middle-class people with no real capital, beyond a family house which had just soared in value thanks to the property boom, flooded into the market. When the very big losses rolled in, they couldn't cope. Most have now stopped underwriting and will not take a slice of the record \$1.09 billion profit Lloyd's announced yesterday for 1995.

Lloyd's responded to the crisis by insisting that Names had entered into legally binding contracts to pay their losses. They had to pay up. But as more information emerged about the losses, many Names became convinced that they had been the victims of fraud and negligence. Underwriters were accused of gross negligence, of having been unaware of the possible losses to which they were exposing their Names. Fraud was mentioned.

The Names got angry. They formed dozens of action groups and proceeded to take their cases to the High Court. They rejected a \$200 million settlement offer from Lloyd's, partly because it was too small, but mainly because it gave them no assurance that they would not be pursued for more money in the future. They wanted a say on their liabilities, and many also wanted to quit the market.

Lloyd's insisted there would be no second settlement offer. This was the Names' only chance. The Names called the bluff and carried on litigating. Many refused to pay losses.

The breakthrough for the Names came in the autumn of 1994. The 3,000-strong Gooda Walker action group, led by the charismatic Irish impresario Michael Deeny, scored a sensational legal victory after a High Court judge ruled the Names had been victims of negligent underwriting.

The Gooda Walker syndicates were among the worst disasters caused by a spate of expensive catastrophes in the late 1980s, such as the Piper Alpha oil rig explosion and Hurricane Hugo. The action group claimed compensation for \$230 million of losses,

which included an estimate for claims which had yet to filter through the system. The High Court told them they could claim a percentage of losses as they materialised.

The court ruling presented Lloyd's with an enormous problem. If Names could win this sort of legal backing, who was going to pay the vast outstanding losses? And Gooda Walker was only the start. The following spring the Feltrim Names won a similar High Court victory.

A host of other action groups were waiting in the wings. Syndicates such as Gooda Walker and Feltrim made big news because their losses had been caused by

The Name who kept his head and survived

Rich man

FOR MORE Lloyd's Names had been like Sir William Arbuthnot the market may not have plunged into financial chaos.

The 45-year-old Eton-educated second baronet of Kittybrewster, Aberdeen, has written cheques for his "substantial" losses in full, declined to sue, and is continuing to underwrite confident in the expectation of making profits in the future.

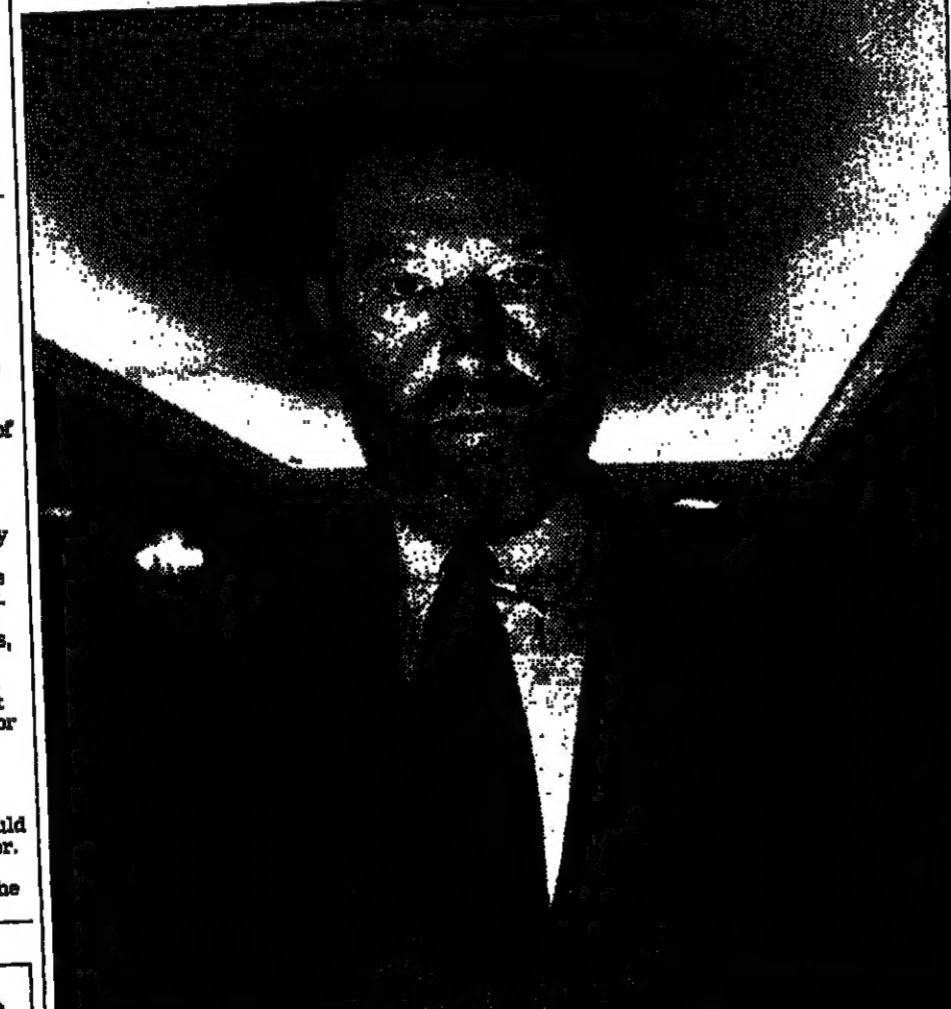
Kensington-based Sir William devotes much of his time these days to Lloyd's matters. He is deputy chairman of the High Premium Group (HPG), which represents Names who are continuing to underwrite more than \$1 million each at Lloyd's.

The group has 670 unlimited liability Names who between them provide \$2 billion of Lloyd's underwriting capacity. The HPG is lobbying hard for a fair deal at Lloyd's in the face of the increasing dominance of limited-liability corporate capital.

Sir William, an ex-banker and solicitor and whose father was also a Name, joined Lloyd's in 1972. He made money initially, although he is not saying how much.

"Like most Names I lost money in 1988 to 1992," says Sir William. "But I have no regrets that I joined Lloyd's in the first place — although I rather regret having been there in 1988-92."

Sir William sidled through the market's syndicates and refrained from investing in a swathe of syndicates which



Tony Welford: 'I realised I had been betrayed.'

Gaining little credit from paying off one's debts

... poor man

TONY Welford's faith in the establishment is in tatters. The chairman of the recently formed, 3,000-strong Paying Names' Action Group is embroiled in last-minute negotiations with Lloyd's to secure a better deal for those Names who have, like himself, paid their losses.

Mr Welford is furious and dismayed that the settlement offer does not take into account the money Names have already paid towards clearing their losses. For example, he has paid more than \$500,000 to Lloyd's. But his individual settlement offer asks for a further \$220,000.

He believes it is grossly unfair that rich Names who refused to pay their losses are now having vast chunks of their debts written off.

Lloyd's argues that Names who paid up showed that they could afford to do

huge catastrophes which had themselves been splashed across the front pages of the world's newspapers. But although these losses were vast, a more insidious and potentially fatal problem for Lloyd's was mounting losses from US asbestos and pollution claims. These stemmed from liability policies, many of which were written in the 1940s and 1950s before diseases such as asbestosis had been recognised.

Lloyd's needed to sort out the mess. The continuing financial crisis was weakening its reputation among policy holders. Other insurers were greedy for Lloyd's business.

With its eye firmly on the future, Lloyd's broke with tradition and allowed corporate investors to join the market with limited liability. They were assured they would not be engulfed by the past losses.

But Lloyd's still had to deal with the baying Names. A new settlement offer became inevitable. A \$2.5 billion package of cash and debt forgiveness was duly unveiled last May. The new deal, which has since been raised to \$3.1 billion, was unashamedly structured in favour of litigating Names. Those who about the loudest are getting the best deal — a fact illustrated again this week when Lloyd's headed off legal threats from the United States by promising an extra \$40 million for US Names.

Having tumbled on the brink of collapse, Lloyd's is simply reinventing itself. The compensation deal is aimed at ending the litigation. In return, Names will pay one final bill to Lloyd's and can quit the market for ever. They will almost certainly never have to pay another penny.

Lloyd's meanwhile, is reinventing a new company called Equitas. Equitas will be ring-fenced from the on-going Lloyd's market — a fresh start.

But Lloyd's is not yet out of the mire. The Names have until August 28 to accept or reject the deal. Although most of the main action groups look set to accept, there is a hard core who plan to keep fighting. They believe the offer is unfair, especially to Names who have paid their losses to date. They also believe that Lloyd's has acted so fraudulently in the past that it cannot force Names to pay any more money. The hardliners have forced Lloyd's to hold an extraordinary general meeting after the agn on Monday, changes to the offer.

But a recent Lloyd's poll suggested that 80 per cent of Names now backed the deal. Lloyd's will be hoping the poll is accurate.

Quick Crossword No. 8177

PROBATE CURE
I U I T O S
P O O P H A Y E H N S
Y U I L V I T O L L
C P R I T R O B U S T
R A I D I
S P R U G E A O O N D A
E E K W A V E V L
C A P E A A S A
U A I S E O O D N E
T V R T P L A T I T U D E

Solution No. 8176

Across
1 Indirect (7)
8 Quarrel — by-product (4,3)
9 Thief (rhyming slang) (3-4)
10 Increase (7)
11 Refuse — on 24 (5)
13 First clue in crossword (3,6)
15 Temple in 7 (9)
18 Tartan trousers (5)
21 Get back (from sea) (7)
22 Mistake (7)
23 Staff of kingship (7)
24 Line of transport (7)

Down
1 Eightsome (5)
2 Beast of burden (5)
3 The tart maker (5,2,6)
4 Degenerate (5)
5 Our nearest bright star (5,5)

6 Large Pacific Island (5)
7 Greek city (6)
12 Cycle of duty etc (4)
14 Behind time (4)
15 Die (5)
16 Firework or motor (5)
17 Quantity (6)
19 Woden (anag) (5)
20 I apologise! (5)

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Telephone 0171-276 2332
Telex 891746 (Guard G)
Fax 0171-551 2114; 0171-833 8342
Telephone telex 0171-611 8000

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